

The Pageant of Childhood.
(From the picture by T. C. Gotch. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.)

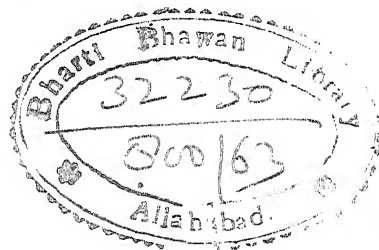
Rajendra Behari
Nathur

THE ROYAL SCHOOL SERIES

32230

Highroads of Literature

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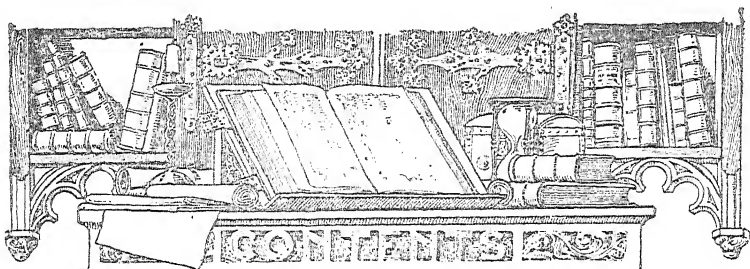


Book III.—The Morning Star

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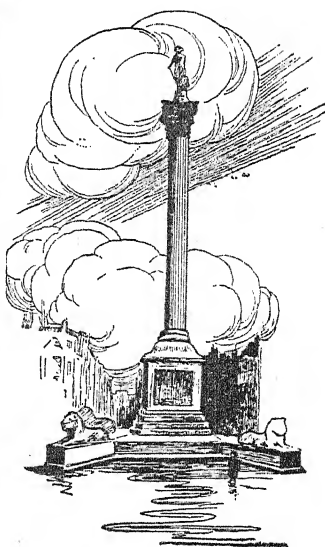
BOOK III.

1. POETS' CORNER.

1. Every British boy and girl has heard of Lord Nelson, the great sailor-hero of our race. A fine square in London is named after the battle in which he destroyed the fleets of France and Spain, and made Britain "Mistress of the Seas."

2. In the midst of this square there is a huge column guarded by four bronze lions, and on the top of it is a statue to the "little one-armed, one-eyed hero of a hundred fights." Standing before this proud column we remember that Nelson on the eve of one of his battles prayed for "victory or Westminster Abbey." What did he mean by this prayer? Let us see.

3. If we turn our backs on Trafalgar Square and walk south,



we shall pass along Whitehall, with its splendid array of buildings, and come to another square. We are now in the noblest part of London. On our left is the river, and fronting it we see the palace of Parliament with its huge clock tower.



Facing us is Westminster Abbey, the most famous church in all the land.

4. We leave the noise and bustle of streets and pass into the silence and gloom of the abbey. At once a strange, solemn feeling comes over us. Great pillars soar up to the dim and distant roof, and stained-glass windows throw their tinted lights on the time-worn pavement.

5. Look where we will, the church seems crowded with statues and richly-carved tombs. To read the names on them is like turning over the pages of a history book. We are in the last resting-place of British kings, queens, warriors, churchmen, statesmen, poets, artists, explorers, and lovers of their fellow-men. We are in Britain's Temple of Fame.

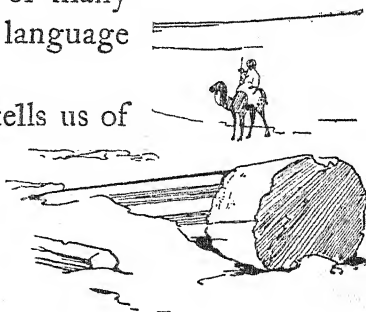
6. Here lie the bones or here stand the memorials of those who have helped to build up the greatness of our land for well-nigh a thousand years. To be buried in this sacred patch

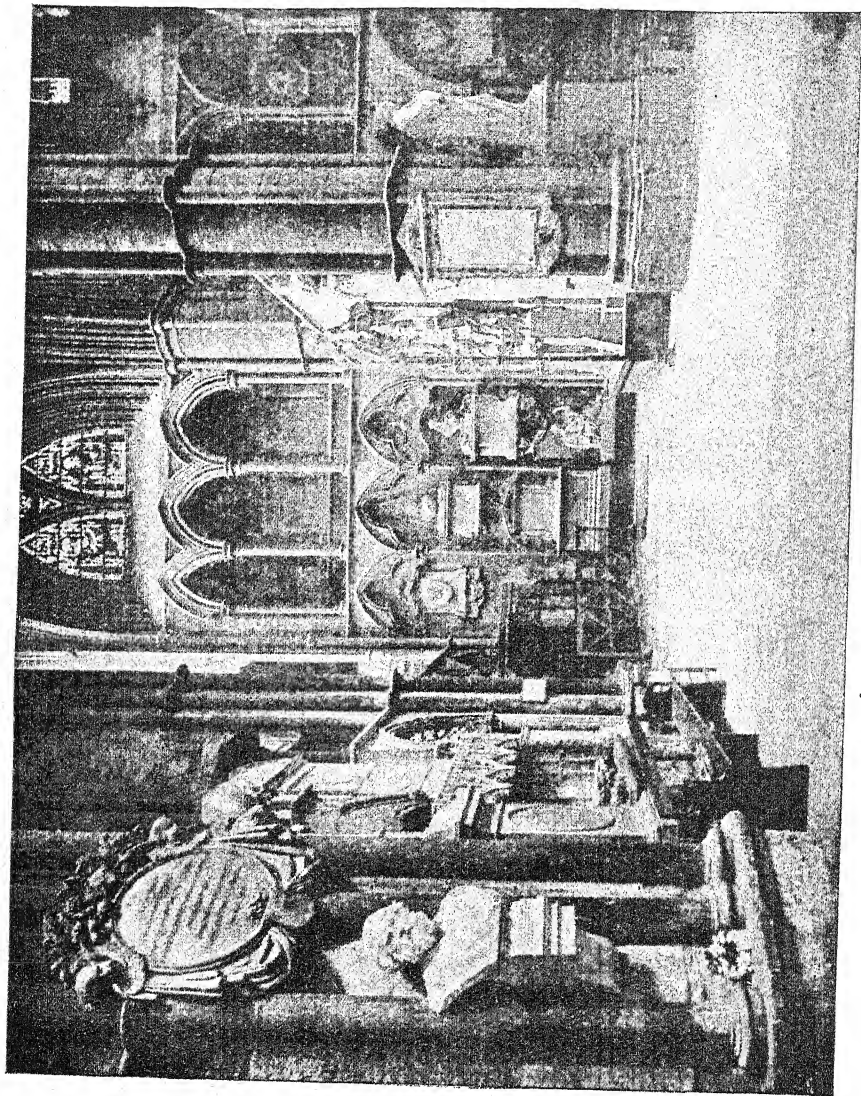
of ground is the highest honour that can be paid to a Briton. It is the crowning glory of a life nobly spent in the service of the motherland.

7. Now I think we understand the meaning of Nelson's famous prayer. He prayed for victory, or for burial amongst the great and good of his race. He meant to conquer if he could, but if not, to perish fighting so bravely that his fellow-countrymen would deem him worthy of a grave in Britain's Temple of Fame. His prayer, however, was not granted, for he lies buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

8. Now let us make our way to that part of the abbey known as Poets' Corner. Here we do not find memorials of kings, warriors, and statesmen, but of men who have served their country nobly by writing noble books in the mother-tongue. You must never forget that one of the chief glories of our land is the great mass of writings which gifted Britons have produced. In Poets' Corner you will read the names of many of those who have made our language glorious for all time.

9. One of our greatest poets tells us of a broken column lying half buried in the desert sands. On it are these words:





POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Chaucer's tomb is the third on your left.

"THE MORNING STAR OF ENGLISH SONG." 11

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"

But where are the works which are to make even the mightiest of us despair? They are all gone—all have been eaten away by the tooth of time. Nothing remains of them except the broken column with its empty boast.

10. Think of the countless cities, temples, palaces, and statues which kings and warriors and statesmen have set up in the ages of long ago. They have all crumbled to dust; we can scarcely find a trace of them. At the same time, we have books which were written by humble men more than two thousand years ago. These are the monuments which never decay. They live on from age to age, and never lose their freshness and beauty.

2. "THE MORNING STAR OF ENGLISH SONG."

1. Before we leave Poets' Corner I want you to look at the oldest memorial in it. On the left-hand side you will see an altar-tomb. Beneath it lie the bones of Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been well called "the Morning Star of English Song."

2. In Book II. I told you that English was for hundreds of years a despised tongue, which was

thought to be unfit for the language of books. There were several reasons for this. First, as you know, all learned men in early times were churchmen, and Latin was the language used in the services of the church all over Europe.

3. If a man wrote a book in Latin, it could be read by learned men in all Christian countries. If he wrote his book in English, he would have but few readers, for most English people could not then read. For this reason most books were written in Latin.

4. When the Normans conquered England their French speech became the language of the great and powerful in the land. Churchmen then learned French as well as Latin, and wrote books in both tongues. They were not taught English, though, of course, many of them could speak it. Few of them, however, cared to write books in the speech of the common people.

5. Now let me tell you another reason why English was so slow in becoming the language of books. If you travel through Great Britain to-day you will find few people who cannot understand the English which you speak. You may perhaps meet an old Welshman or an old Highlander who cannot understand you, but even in Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland all the young people now speak English.

6. At the same time, you will notice that English is spoken in a different way in different parts of the country. A Yorkshireman, for example, says his words differently from a Midlander, or a Londoner, or a Somersetshire man. Almost every county has its own way of speaking English.

7. Now, though there are still many different ways of *speaking* English, there is now only one way of *writing* English. Our books are written in the same tongue, no matter where the writer may live. All English-speaking people now read and write the same kind of English, but it was not so when the Normans conquered England.

8. At that time there were four or more kinds of English spoken in England. The Northerner, the Midlander, the South-countryman, and the Londoner could scarcely understand each other. Men who then wrote English books wrote in their own form of English, and there was no one way of writing the language in all parts of the country.

9. This went on for hundreds of years, but by the end of the reign of that strong, stern king Edward the First, one form of English was understood from the



'Tweed to the English Channel. Then, and only then, was it possible for men to write English books which could be easily read by Englishmen all over the land.

10. All this time the English language had been growing richer and richer in the number of its words. The English pirates who made themselves masters of Britain were a rough, rude race of sailors



and farmers. Their speech had, of course, no words for the things or ideas which they had never heard of. As time went by many new things and many new ideas came to them, and the words for these new things and new ideas were borrowed from Latin and French, and in time became English words.

11. In Geoffrey Chaucer's day English had grown to be a language quite fit for books, though, as yet, it had not been much used for that purpose. In the next few lessons we shall read the story of Geoffrey Chaucer, the writer who was the first to show all the world that great poems could be written in his mother-tongue, and that all a man's thoughts and fancies, however deep or tender they might be, could be set down nobly in English words. For this reason we sometimes speak of him as the "Father of English Poetry."

3. THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

1. There dwelt a miller, hale
and bold,

Beside the river Dee;
He wrought and sang from
morn to night,
No lark more blithe than
he;

And this the burden of his
song

For ever used to be,—

“I envy nobody, no, not I,
And nobody envies me!”

2. “Thou’rt wrong, my friend!”
said old King Hal,

“Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.

And tell me now what makes thee sing

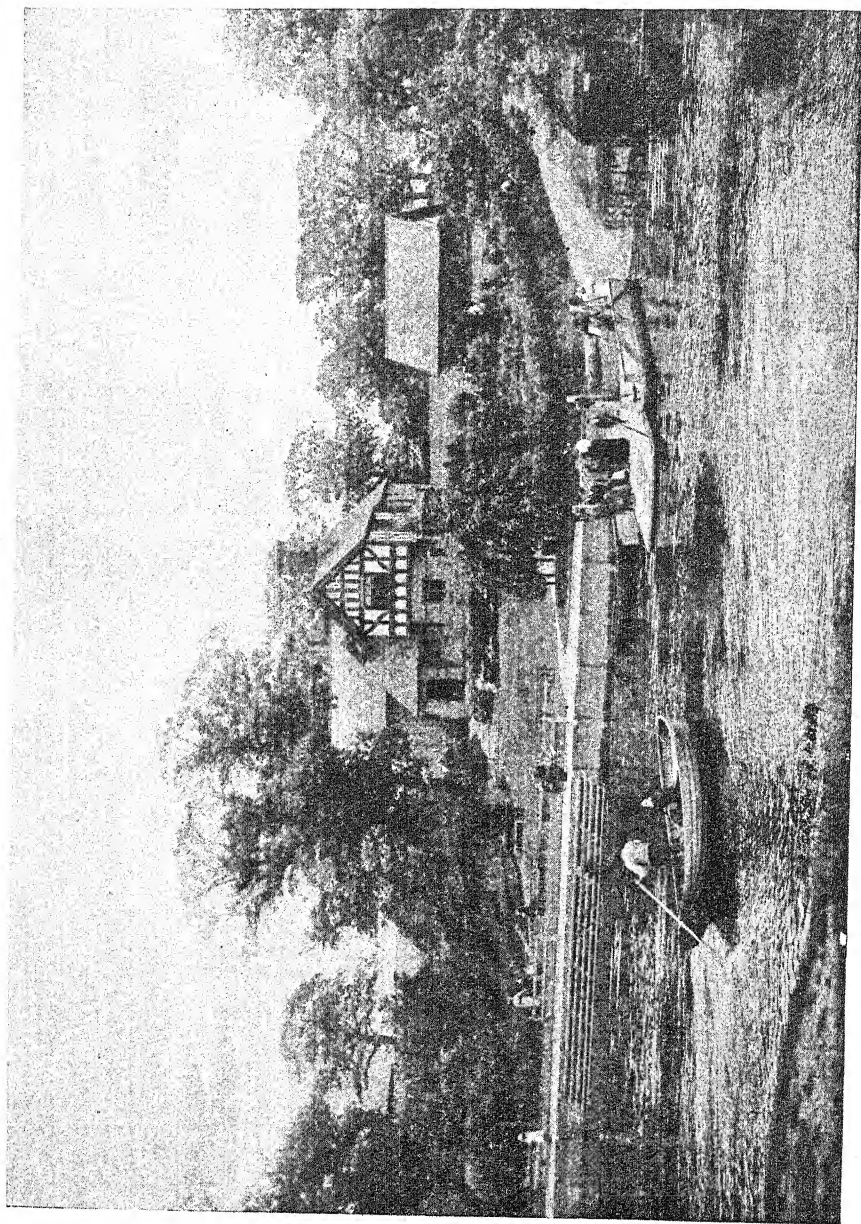
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m the king,
Beside the river Dee.”

3. The miller smiled and doffed his cap.

“I earn my bread,” quoth he;

“I love my wife, I love my friends,
I love my children three;





A FERRY ON THE DEE, NEAR CHESTER.
(Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*.)

I owe no penny I cannot pay ;
 I thank the river Dee
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn
 To feed my babes and me."

4. " Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
 " Farewell ! and happy be ;
 " But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee !
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee ! " CHARLES MACKAY.

4. A GREAT DAY.

1. The twenty-fourth of May in the year of our Lord 1357 was a great day for London. Flags flew everywhere, tall poles with garlands and streamers decked the main streets, and the citizens in their best and gayest attire thronged the footpaths. All were agog, eager to see a sight which England had never seen before.

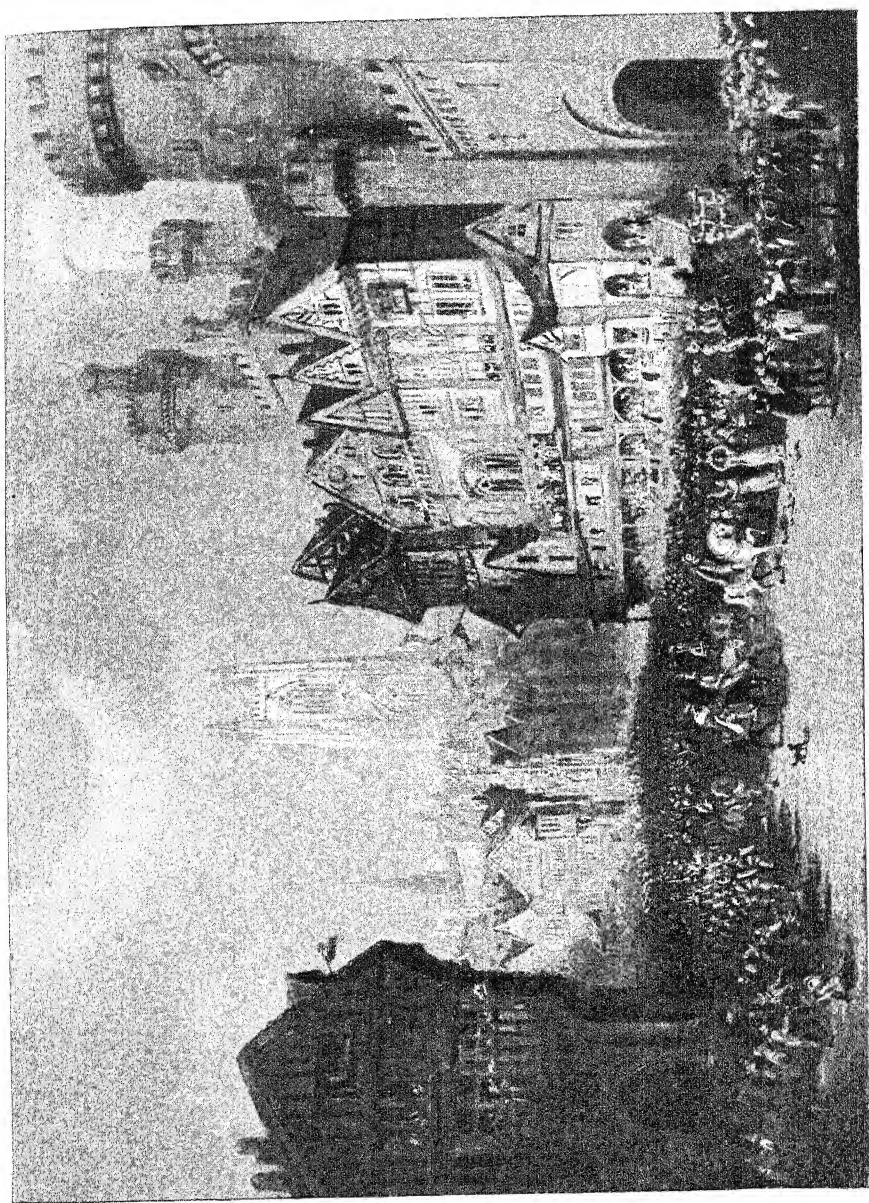


2. England at that time was at war with her old enemy, France. King Edward the Third had laid claim to the French throne, and had begun a strife which lasted for nearly a hundred years. Edward gained great glory in France, and when he returned to England he left his gallant son, Edward the Black Prince, to carry on the war for him.

3. Eight months before the great day of which I am speaking, the Black Prince had won a famous victory. He had overthrown the French army, and had taken prisoner not only scores of French nobles, but the French king himself. Now he and his prisoners had reached London, and were about to pass through the streets to Westminster, where the old king was waiting to receive them.

4. All the English nobles, and the chief merchants of London, were gathered at Westminster to greet the Black Prince, and to rejoice in his victory. We may be sure that amongst them was John Chaucer, a rich wine merchant of Thames Street. He was well known to the king ; he had followed him to France, and had served him in other ways. Now he held much property in London, and was well thought of by his fellow-citizens.

5. No doubt John Chaucer took his boy Geoffrey to see the great sight. The lad was then sixteen years old, but was short for his age. He had a fine,



London in the Time of Chaucer.

(From the picture by J. T. Eglington. By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.)



A Splendid Story.

(From the picture by Sir James Linton, P.R.I. By permission of the Fine Art Society.)
This picture shows a lady in an Italian garden telling her friends some of the stories written by the great Italian writers whom Chaucer met when he was in Italy.

sions ran short, and he was sent out with a party to scour the country for food and fodder.

5. Somewhere and somehow he was cut off by the French and made prisoner. Perhaps he was busy with a book or was writing verses when the enemy came upon him and caught him unawares. Most of the prisoners who were so taken were at once knocked on the head, but Geoffrey's life was spared.



6. He was now a squire, and was thought by his captors to be worth money. Soon afterwards he was ransomed by the king. We may learn from this that the king knew Geoffrey and thought well of him. Had he disgraced himself in fight the king would never have ransomed him.

7. Chaucer returned to England, but what he did during the next six or seven years we do not exactly know. It is very likely that he was one of the king's body-servants, and that his duties were to make beds, to hold torches, set the table, look after the chambers, and take his turn in waiting upon the king.

8. When he was twenty-seven years of age the king gave him a pension for life, worth about £50 of our money. Perhaps this pension was given to

him at the time of his marriage with Philippa, one of the queen's ladies. Later on he was found to be worthy of higher service, so he was sent to France and to Italy on the king's business. His journey to Italy was one of the greatest events in his life.

9. At that time Italy had two great writers—a poet, and a teller of tales in prose. The poet had then no equal in all the world, and the Italians had crowned him with a laurel crown at Rome. Chaucer may or may not have met this poet, but it is certain that he studied his works, and was stirred up to do for England what the poet had done for Italy. He *did* meet the great teller of tales, and in later years he wrote his greatest work after the manner which this Italian story-teller had made famous.

10. On his return from Italy Chaucer was given a post in London. He settled down in a house in Aldgate, where he found time to study, and to write some of his poems. In the following years we find him again going abroad on royal business, and receiving rich gifts from the king. Edward the Third was always his good friend.

6. CHAUCER THE POET.

1. After the death of Edward the Third evil times fell on England. The new king was a little

boy of eleven, and his uncles and the chief barons quarrelled fiercely as to who should rule the kingdom. One of these uncles was named John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. He had always been a friend to Chaucer, and had given him many gifts.

2. Up to this time John of Gaunt had been a favourite of the people. Now they turned against him, and hated him as much as they had formerly loved him. Chaucer, however, would not hear a word said against his old friend. He stood nobly by him, and in so doing brought much trouble upon himself.

3. While John of Gaunt was absent in Spain his younger brother, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, became master of England. He hated his brother and his brother's friends, so he drove Chaucer from his post. For a time the poet was very poor, and suffered much distress.

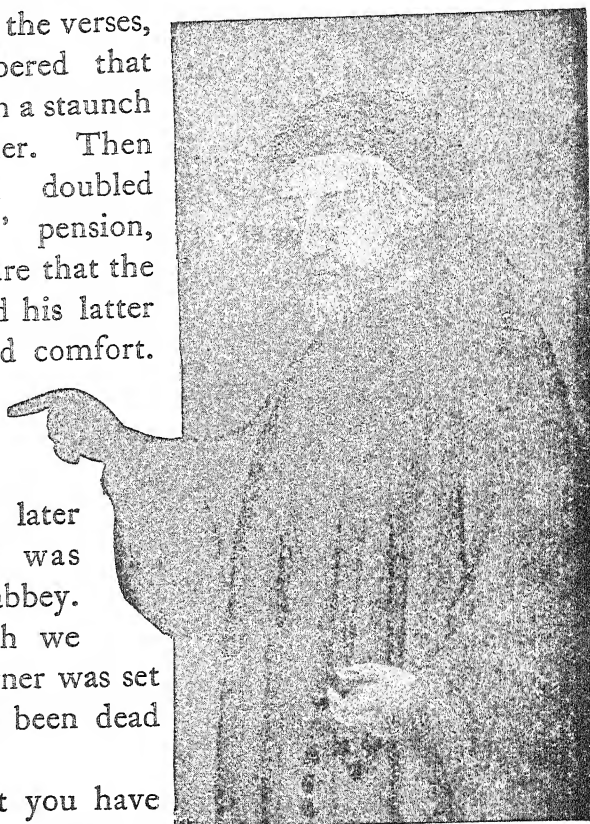
4. When, however, the young king became master of his kingdom, he sent for John of Gaunt, and showed him much favour. Then the good duke gave another post and a pension to his poet-friend.

5. Chaucer was now an old man. His beard and hair were white, and his friends called him "Old Grizzle." He was still deep in debt and very poor when the young king was forced to give up his crown to his cousin Henry. Chaucer was afraid that Henry would take away his post and his pen-

sion, so he wrote a set of playful verses to his empty purse, and sent them to the new king.

6. Henry read the verses, and also remembered that Chaucer had been a staunch friend of his father. Then he more than doubled "Old Grizzle's" pension, and thus made sure that the poet should spend his latter days in peace and comfort. Chaucer took a house at Westminster, but thirteen months later he died, and was buried in the abbey. The tomb which we saw in Poets' Corner was set up when he had been dead fifteen years.

7. From what you have read you see that history does not tell us very much about Chaucer. We know, however, a good deal about him from his poems. We learn that he was good, cheerful, and pleasant; that his friends were



PORTRAIT OF CHAUCER FROM A BOOK OF
THE EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

very dear to him; and that he loved all men, though he often poked sly fun at them.

8. He was very fond of books and of sitting by himself thinking, but he was fonder still of outdoor life. No poet had ever a greater love of springtime, of the piping birds, the budding trees, the green fields, and the blossoming hedgerows. His favourite month was May, and his favourite flower was the daisy.

9. In one of his poems he says :—



“ Now, of all the flowers in the mead,
Love I those flowers white and red
That men call daisies in our town ;
For them I have so great an affection,
As I said before, that when come is May
From my bed there dawneth no day,
But I am up and walking in the mead
To see this flower against the sunlight spread ;
When it upriseth early by the morrow,
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.”

10. I have printed these verses not as Chaucer wrote them, but in English which you can read.

I am afraid that you would not be able to make much of the verses as Chaucer wrote them. He wrote more than five hundred years ago, and our language has changed a great deal in that time. On page 31 you will see what English was like in the days of our first great poet.

7. THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.—I.

1. I cannot in this book tell you about all the poems which Chaucer wrote. I can only tell you about the greatest of them. It is called the "Canterbury Tales," and was written when Chaucer was an old man. His mind was then at its best, and beautiful verses flowed easily from his pen.

2. Chaucer had a number of stories to tell, and he wished to link them all together into one book. He, therefore, followed the plan of the story-teller whom he had met in Italy, and put the stories into the mouths of a company of people, who told the tales to each other in order to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly.

3. Now let us turn to the opening of the "Canterbury Tales," and learn how this company came together. One April evening, in or about the year 1382, the old Tabard Inn at Southwark was crowded with visitors. Southwark was then near London, but it is now part of the great city. So many guests had arrived that all the rooms were full, and there was not an empty stall in the stable.



4. There were nine-and-twenty visitors in the inn, and they all intended to set off next day to Canterbury, where they meant to pray at the tomb of Thomas Becket. He, you will remember, was Archbishop of Canterbury, and was slain in his own cathedral in the year 1170. Ever since the day of his death the English people had looked upon him as a saint, and they believed that a visit to his shrine would be pleasing to God.

5. Every year thousands of pilgrims visited the shrine of St. Thomas in Canterbury Cathedral, and they had come to look upon the journey as a holiday jaunt. They travelled in troops, not only because they liked company, but because they would be able to beat off the robbers who then lurked about the country roads. The pilgrims rode on horseback, and the journey lasted three or four days. The distance from London to Canterbury by road is fifty-six miles.



6. The spring of the year was just the time for such a journey. Then the soft winds were balmy with the scent of flowers, the happy birds sang in the trees, and showers fell now and then to lay the dust and refresh the earth after the drought of March.

7. Chaucer himself was amongst the



Shus quod I sail of your Emperour
 I coude am in to your Countour
 And admyred a tale for to telle
 By him that hath power to compele
 I mene our hope governour and gyde
 Of your erkebone. rydage here by syde
 Thogh my wif bareyne be and dulle
 I wolde reherce a forey wonderfulle
 Concheunge the segge and defraunce
 Of worthy thebes. the myghty royal Ton
 Wile and bygonne of oke Aquaine
 Upon the tyme of worthy Josue
 By diligence of huge chivaloun
 Cheff and first of this foundaoun

This is a page of an old book which not only shows some of Chaucer's pilgrims but the kind of writing in use in the fifteenth century.

guests. He tells us that he was the last of the company to reach the inn, but that he soon made friends with his companions. The landlord, who was a stout, merry man with bright eyes, set before them a good supper, which they greatly enjoyed.

8. When supper was over, the landlord said that he had thought of a plan to make their journey pleasant. "Each of you in turn," said he, "shall tell two tales on the way to Canterbury, and two more on the way back. When you return here you shall decide which of you has told the best story. Then we will reward that person with a good supper."

9. The guests thought that this was an excellent plan, and they asked the landlord to arrange the whole matter for them, and to be the judge of the best story that should be told. The landlord gladly agreed, and then the company retired to rest.

10. The next morning at daybreak the guests rode at a footpace until they came to the second milestone along the road. Here there was a watering-place. While their horses were drinking, the host said, "Now let us see who is to tell the first story. We will draw lots, and the one who draws the shortest shall begin." The lots were drawn, and the shortest fell to a knight, who was the most important man in the company.

8. THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—I.

[It is said that this old ballad was made to stir up the people against Richard III., who caused the young princes to be murdered in the Tower (1483).]

1. Now ponder well, you parents dear,
These words which I shall write ;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

2. Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help his life could save ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possessed one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

3. The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old ;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.





The Babes in the Wood.
(From the picture by W. R. Symonds. Reproduced by permission of Frederick T. Dennis, 118 Chancery Lane, London, owner of the copyright and publisher of the large plate.)

4. And to his little daughter, Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;
For so the will did run.
5. "Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear ;
Be good unto my boy and girl—
No friends else have they here :
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day ;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.
6. "You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one ;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"O brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery :
7. "And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;



But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deeds regard."
 With lips as cold as any stone,
 They kissed their children small :
 "God bless you both, my children dear !"
 With that the tears did fall.

8. These speeches then their brother spoke,
 To this sick couple there :
 "The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not fear.
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children dear,
 When you are laid in grave."

9. THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—II.



1. The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them straight unto his
 house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a day,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both away.

2. He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale :
He would the children send,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

3. Away then went those pretty babes
Rejoicing at their tide,
Rejoicing in a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And take their lives away.

4. So that the pretty speech they
had
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the
deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard
of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

5. The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life.
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood ;
The babes did quake for fear.

6. He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry.

And two long miles he led
them on,

While they for food com-
plain.

"Stay here," quoth he ; "I'll
bring you bread
When I come back again."



7. These pretty babes, with hand
in hand,
Went wandering up and
down ;

But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed ;
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

8. Thus wandered these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.
-

10. THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.—II.

1. Now, before I tell you the Knight's Tale, let us look at the merry throng ambling along the road to Canterbury. There were all sorts and conditions of men and women, high and low, rich and poor.

2. First Chaucer tells us about the knight. He was a very wise, grave, and courtly gentleman, mounted on a good horse. His doublet showed the marks of rust from the coat of mail which he wore over it in warfare. Like other knights of those

days, he was ready to fight in any country where his services were needed, and he had taken part in no less than fifteen battles in the south of Europe and in North Africa. He had also fought in the Holy Wars in Palestine.

3. Though no man was fiercer in the fight, he was as gentle as a lamb when the battle was over. He loved truth and honour, and was indeed "a very perfect, gentle knight." Everything about him was plain and good. He had no pride, but was gracious and kindly to all, as a true gentleman should be.

4. Then Chaucer tells us about the young squire, who was the knight's son. He was a curly-headed youth, who wore a doublet covered with flowers like a meadow in springtime. So bright and happy was he that he was the life and soul of the party. He could ride, dance, sing, play on the flute, make verses, and paint pictures. At the table he carved the meat for his father, and waited upon him as a servant.



5. The knight had not only his son with him, but a yeoman who was clad in a coat and hood of green. At his belt he carried a sheaf of arrows, and upon one arm he bore a bow. A horn hung from a green strap across his shoulders, and this showed him to be a forester.

6. Amongst the pilgrims there was also a prioress—that is, the head of a house of nuns. She was very sweet and gentle, and was dressed in a plain dark dress. Her table manners were very good, and she never let any food drop on her breast. So kind was she that tears started to her eyes if any one chanced to hurt her little dogs. A nun and three priests waited on her.

7. Then there was a monk, who wore a costly dress trimmed with fur, and was very fond of hunting. One of the merriest of the party was a friar, and one of the very best of the pilgrims was a poor parish priest, who taught his flock not only by words, but by his good example. With him was his brother, a ploughman, who lived in peace and charity with all men.

8. The other pilgrims included a lawyer, a merchant, a scholar from Oxford, a country gentleman, a sailor, a miller, a carpenter, a weaver, and a dyer, and the “Wife of Bath,” a rich, lively widow with a round red face, fine clothes, and a hat as big as a shield. She had been to many distant cities to visit the shrines of the saints, and she enjoyed the journeys very much.

9. The landlord describes Chaucer himself. When he saw him enter the inn he



cried, "What manner of man art thou who dost nothing but stare on the ground as though on the lookout for a hare? Draw near, man, and look up merrily." He also said that Chaucer was as big in the waist as he was, and by this he meant that Chaucer was just as fond of good living as he was himself.

10. Though Chaucer often looked down, we may be sure that he was not always staring at the ground. He described the pilgrims as only a man could do who had sharp eyes and quick wits.

11. In the "Canterbury Tales" he has given us a wonderful picture of the kind of men and women who lived in England in his day. When you come to read the book as he wrote it, you will know the pilgrims as well as you know your own friends.

12. Now we are ready to join the pilgrims as they ride along. They are already a few miles on their way, and the knight has begun to tell his tale.

II. PALAMON AND ARCITE.—I.

1. In the days gone by there reigned in Athens a brave and noble duke named Theseus. There was no greater warrior under the sun. Many a rich country did he conquer, and many nations did



Chaucer reading to Edward III.
(From the picture by Ford Madox Brown.)

he subdue. The greatest of his battles was fought against the race of fierce women-soldiers known as Amazons.

2. When they were overcome he married their queen, Hippolyta, and set off on his homeward journey along with his wife and her beautiful sister Emily. As the royal pair drew near to Athens, they saw kneeling by the roadside two rows of ladies dressed in deep black.



3. The ladies cried aloud when they saw the king, and he drew rein to ask the cause of their grief. The oldest lady stepped forward and said, "Our husbands died at the siege of Thebes, and the man who is now king of that city has heaped their dead bodies together, and will not allow them either to be burned or buried." At these words the whole company wept aloud.

4. The duke's kind heart was much touched at this sad story. "I will avenge your wrongs," he cried. "I will not enter Athens until I have punished the king who has so cruelly treated you."

5. Then he sent the queen and her sister into the city, and rode forth to battle against the King of Thebes. Outside that city he met him in fair

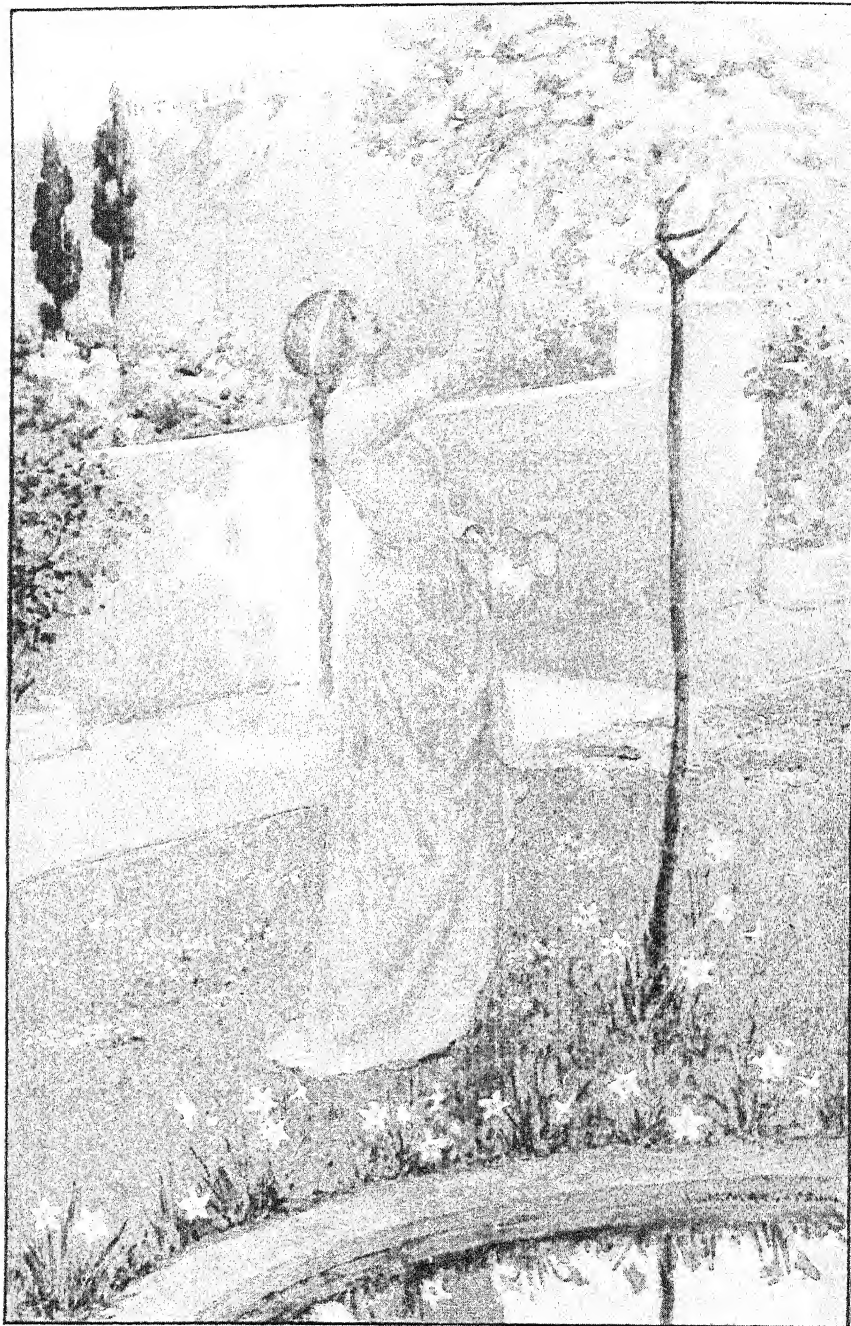
fight, put his hosts to flight, and slew him. When this was done he captured the town and pulled down its walls. Then the widowed ladies took the dead bodies of their husbands and gave them burial.

6. Theseus spent the night on the battlefield, and his men went to and fro seeking for booty. Amidst the heaps of slain they found two young knights lying side by side. They were both sorely wounded, and were fast bleeding to death. From their armour it was plain to see that they were of royal blood. They were nephews of the King of Thebes, and their names were Palamon and Arcite.

7. The two young men were carried to the tent of King Theseus, who said that they should not be ransomed, but should be taken to Athens, and there put in prison for the rest of their lives. Then Theseus returned to his city, where his people met him with loud shouts of joy.

8. The two princes were shut up in a gloomy tower, which was part of the duke's palace. Here they spent several sad years. How long and dreary their days were ! The poor young men often wished for death, for they had no other hope of freedom.





The Fair Emily.

(From the picture by W. H. Margetson. Specially painted for this book.)

9. In all countries at that time it was the custom for young men and maidens to gather flowers on the morning of May Day, and to rejoice in the coming of summer with songs and merry-making. One May Day the Princess Emily, the fair sister of the Queen Hippolyta, went out into the palace garden at sunrise to gather flowers for a May Day garland. She was as fresh and fair as the sweet May morning itself. As she stooped to pick the flowers she sang a sweet song.

10. The dark, strong tower in which the young princes were imprisoned formed one of the walls of the garden. It chanced that Palamon and Arcite that very morning had been allowed by their jailer to walk in a chamber at the top of the tower. There was a window in this room from which they could see the garden.

11. Palamon walked to and fro in the chamber bemoaning his sad fate. "Alas," he cried, "that ever I was born!" After a time he went to the window and looked out. Suddenly a cry broke from his lips. Arcite heard it, and ran to him. "What ails thee, cousin?" he asked.

12. Then Palamon told him





that he had looked through the window, and seen a lovely being gathering May blossoms to crown her hair. He did not know whether she was a goddess or a woman, but he was struck to the heart by her beauty, and he loved her better than life itself.

13. Then Arcite looked through the window, and saw how fair Emily was. At once he too fell deeply in love with her, and cried, "Her beauty will slay me. I shall die unless she shows me mercy and grace."

14. At first Palamon thought that his cousin was jesting, but when he knew that Arcite also loved Emily he was very angry and said that Arcite was a false traitor. Then began a long and bitter quarrel, which seemed as if it would never end.

12. PALAMON AND ARCITE.—II.

1. Now it chanced that at this time an old friend of the duke's came to visit him. This friend had known Arcite in Thebes, and he now begged the duke to set the young prince free. Theseus loved his friend so much that he could deny him nothing. So Arcite was told that he would be set free on

condition that he went to his own city and never returned to Athens again. If he did so, he would lose his head.

2. Had this joyful news come to Arcite before he had seen Emily, he would have been the happiest man in the world. Now he would rather be a prisoner in the dark tower all his life than leave the kingdom and never see her face again.

3. "Thine is the victory, dear cousin," he said to Palamon. "Fortune hath treated thee kindly, for thou canst, at least, see Emily. And, who knows, since thou art a good and brave knight, thou mayest some day be set free and win her love."

4. Palamon, however, was very sorrowful. "Ah, Cousin Arcite," he cried, "thou art free, but I am still a prisoner. Thou canst gather a great army, and with it compel Theseus to give thee Emily to be thy wife." Then he wept and moaned at the thought that Arcite was about to enjoy freedom, while he remained shut up in the tower.

5. Arcite was set free, but he was so miserable that he could neither eat nor sleep.



"And solitary he was, and ever alone,
And wailing all the night, making his moan."

A year passed by, and grief had so changed him

that no man would have known him for the young prince who had been the duke's prisoner.

6. One night when he was sleeping he dreamed that one of the gods bade him rise up and go to Athens, where all his misery should end. He sprang from his couch and cried, "Yea, I will indeed go to Athens and see my lady once more, even if by so doing I meet my death." A few days later he disguised himself and set out for the city.

7. Before long he met the Lady Emily's steward, and learned to his joy that the princess needed a servant. At once he offered himself, and the steward engaged him. He took the name of Philostrate, and his duties were to hew wood for the fires, to carry water for the household, and to do other hard and rough tasks.

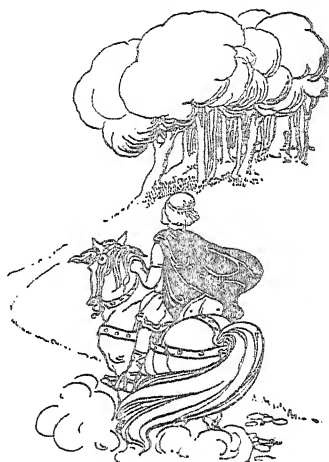
8. So well did he do his work, and so gentle and gallant was he, that Theseus heard of him and made him one of his squires. The young man was now almost happy; he could see his lady from time to time; he had plenty of money, and every day the duke trusted him more and more.

9. Now let us return to poor Palamon, pining in his prison. He had been in captivity for seven long years, when one of his friends managed to give him a drug to put in his jailer's wine. When the jailer drank the wine he fell into a deep sleep.

Philostrate
Bliss

Then Palamon left the tower and fled to a wood some miles outside the walls of Athens. Here he lay hidden in a thicket all night.

10. The next morning was May Day, and at sunrise who should come riding through the wood but Arcite. It was a beautiful morning; the sun was bright, and the larks were singing in the sky. But Arcite was sad because he knew that he was no nearer winning Emily for his wife than he had been when he first saw her from his prison window. He began to cry out on his evil fortune, and to declare his great love for the princess.



11. When Palamon heard this, he sprang up and came out of his hiding-place. "Thou shalt not love the Lady Emily," he cried. "I only will love her. So choose whether thou wilt die or give her up."

12. "If thou wert not mad with love, and unarmed, I would kill thee here and now," replied Arcite. "I have as much right to love her as thou hast. To-morrow at daybreak I will return with arms for both of us. Then we will decide the matter with sword and shield." Palamon agreed to this, and Arcite rode away.

13. PALAMON AND ARCITE.—III.

1. Early next morning Arcite rode forth from the city, bearing on his saddle two suits of armour for the combat. When Palamon saw him coming he stepped forward to meet him. No greeting passed the lips of the two cousins. These old and dear friends were now bitter foes.



2. They helped each other to put on their armour, and when all was ready the fight began. Palamon fought like a lion, but Arcite was cool and wary. Many a shrewd blow was struck, and soon the knights were bleeding from their wounds.

3. When the combat was at its height, and the two swords were flashing to and fro, a horseman dashed between the knights. "Hold!" cried he; "no more of this. The man who strikes another blow shall lose his head."

4. The horseman was none other than the Duke Theseus. He and the queen and Emily were out riding, and chance had brought them to the very spot where the two knights were fighting.

5. "Sire," said Palamon, "why hinder us? We are both wretched men, and we both deserve death. This is Arcite who was banished by thee, but has

returned and is now thy squire. I am Palamon, thy prisoner, who has escaped. I love Emily, and I will gladly die rather than continue to live without her."

6. "You shall both die," said Theseus; and at this the ladies, who had now reached the spot, fell upon their knees and begged him to have mercy on the brave young knights. At first the duke was angry, but after a time his wrath left him, and he pardoned them on condition that they would leave his country and never at any time wage war upon Athens.

7. "You both love Emily," said he, "but only one of you can wed her. How shall I choose between you? This is my plan. You shall both go to your own country and return to Athens next year, each of you with a hundred followers. Then a great tourney shall be held, and Emily shall be the prize. He whose side shall win shall have Emily as his wife."

8. The knights gladly agreed to this, and thanked the duke heartily. They left Athens that very day, and during the next year both were busy choosing the followers who were to fight with them. Theseus



had a great theatre built for the combat, and set up three noble temples near at hand.

9. On the day appointed the knights and their followers, in glistening armour and coats of mail, rode into Athens. Duke Theseus met them and explained to them the rules of the tourney. No sword was to be used, and there was to be no bloodshed. The knights were to ride at each other with spears, and that side would win which had the larger number of men unhorsed at the end of the day.



10. Then the combat began; but before long the rules were forgotten, swords were drawn, and one of Arcite's knights wounded Palamon, who fell to the ground. Palamon was taken to his tent, but his wound was not severe. Then the fight raged fiercely, and the duke was forced to put an end to it. "Hold! no more," he cried; "the fight is done. Palamon has fallen; Arcite is victor, and Emily shall be his wife."

11. As Arcite spurred his horse towards the place where Emily was sitting, the animal shied and threw its rider. He fell to the earth so heavily that he could not rise. He was carried to the palace, and

was tended with great care and skill; but he grew worse every hour. At last, feeling that death was near, he sent for Emily and Palamon.

12. He bade them farewell with loving words, and begged Emily to look with favour on his cousin. "Well has he loved and served thee," he said, "and there is no truer gentleman in the world than Palamon." Soon after this his eyes grew dim, and with a faint cry of "Mercy, Emily!" he breathed his last.

13. A noble funeral was given to Arcite, and Emily grieved much for the young knight who had lost his life in the hour of victory. Palamon sorrowed too, and wore black clothes as a sign of his deep mourning. At length, one happy day, the duke called them to him, and in the presence of his nobles besought Emily to give her love to the knight who had served her so long and so faithfully. Then he bade Palamon approach and take the gentle lady's hand in his own. Soon afterwards the happy pair were married, and for many long years they lived together in love and peace.



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14. HUNTING SONG.

1. Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting
spear !

Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are
knelling,

Merrily, merrily mingle they.
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

2. Waken, lords and ladies gay,

The mist has left the mountain gray;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds in the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been

To trace the buck in
thicket green;

Now we come to
chant our lay,

“Waken, lords and
ladies gay.”



3. Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
You shall see him brought to bay.
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

15. THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE.—I.

1. When Chaucer began to write his “ Canterbury Tales,” he meant his thirty pilgrims to tell one hundred and twenty stories. He did not, however, live to finish his task. We should very much like to hear what the pilgrims did at the shrine of St. Thomas, what tales they told on the return journey, and which story-teller won the prize of a supper at the Tabard Inn. You will be sorry to learn that Chaucer left all these things untold.

2. You have already read the Knight's Tale, and perhaps you would like to hear the other twenty-three stories, but I should fill this book if I were to tell them to you. You must read them for your-



THE EMPEROR COMES!

(From the picture by Sir Alma Tadema, R.A., O.M. By permission of the Berlin Photo Co.)

selves when you are older. I will, however, tell you the story which the Man of Law told.

3. Once upon a time there dwelt in Syria a company of rich merchants who traded in cloth, silk, and spices. They travelled far and wide with their goods, and at last reached Rome, where they stayed for some time.

4. Now it happened that the Emperor of Rome had a fair daughter, named Constance, who was as good as she was beautiful. The Romans all loved her, and they praised her so much that the merchants wished to see her.

5. Just before they went back to their own country they were allowed to see the princess, and they, too, were charmed by her beauty and grace. When they reached home they talked of her to their Sultan, and he was so pleased with what he heard that he wished to make her his wife.

6. He called his wise men together and asked their advice. All agreed that the Christian Emperor of Rome would never give his daughter to a pagan Sultan. "Very well, then," said the Sultan, "if this be so, I will become a Christian myself, for marry her I must."





7. Messengers were at once sent to the Emperor, and to the Pope at Rome. The Pope was very anxious that Constance should marry the Sultan, because he hoped that she would win the pagans of Syria to the worship of the true God. So it was settled that the Sultan should marry the princess, and that he and his lords should become Christians. Many bishops,

knights, and ladies were chosen to go with the bride.

8. The young princess was overcome with grief when her parents told her that she must leave them and become the wife of a pagan king in a distant land; but she was an obedient child, and she said that she would do as they wished. She wept bitter tears as she went on board the ship which was to carry her to Syria.

9. Now you must know that the Sultan's mother was very angry because her son was going to become a Christian. So she made a wicked plot to prevent him from marrying the Christian maid. The wicked old woman begged her son to let her give a great feast to the princess as soon as she arrived. The Sultan was very glad to agree to this.

10. So when Constance reached the kingdom of the Sultan it was the mother who met her

and gave her welcome. She rode by the gentle maiden's side and led her and all the company to her house. When they were inside, armed men fell upon them and slew them all except Constance.

11. She, poor child, was seized and carried to the coast, where she was thrust into a boat and cast adrift on the sea to find her way back to Rome as best she could. Food and clothing were placed in the boat as well as the treasure which she had brought with her, but there was no rudder or compass.

12. For weeks the little vessel was tossed to and fro by the wild sea waves. Again and again it was nearly swallowed up; but the maiden prayed for help, and her prayers were heard. The frail bark drifted out into the great ocean, and was driven northward by the wind until at last it reached the shores of Northumbria.

13. Then the boat was thrown up on the rocky coast, and the keeper of a castle near at hand spied it and hastened to help Constance ashore. He took her to his home and treated her kindly. For a time she lived with him and his wife, and they soon began to love her because she was so sweet and gentle.

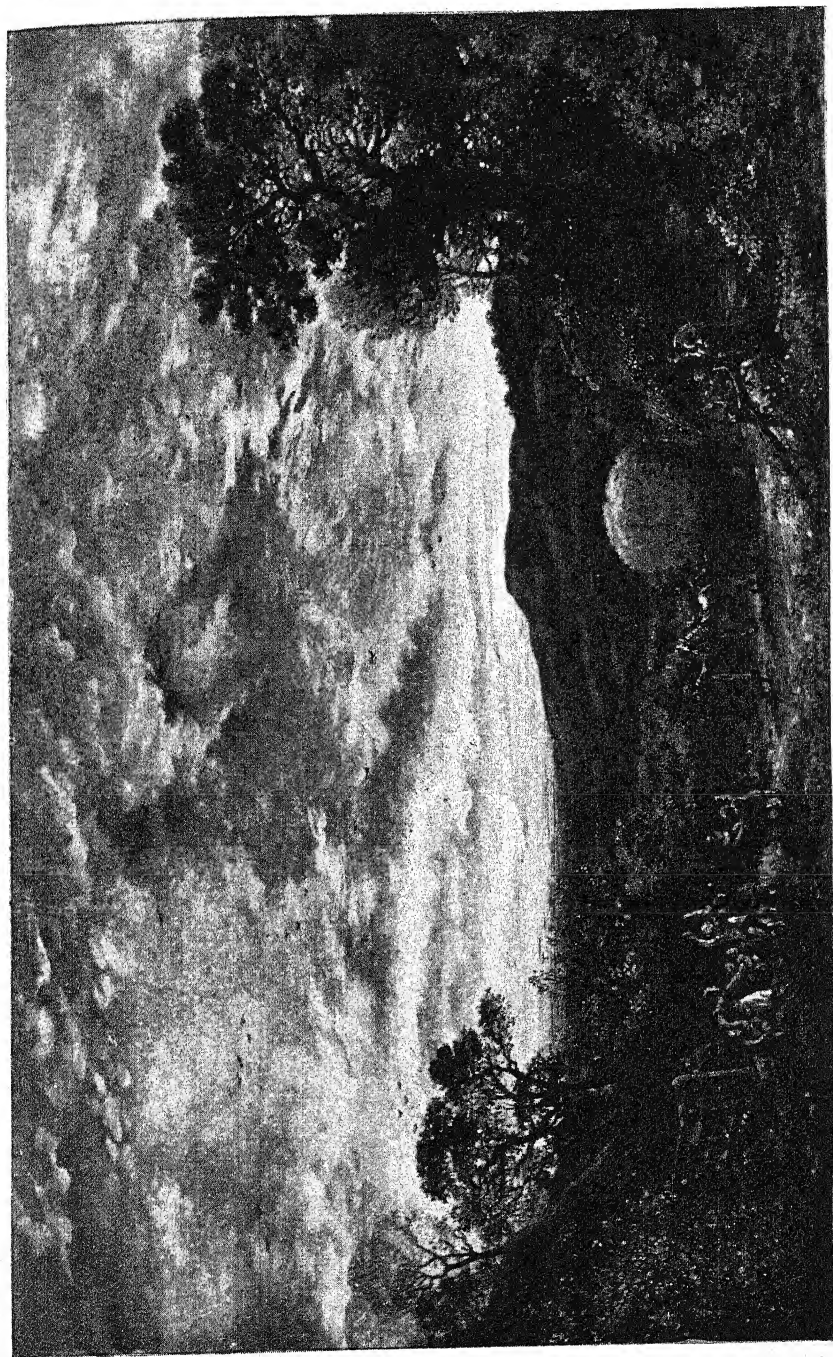


16. GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL,
WONDERFUL WORLD.

1. Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast.—
World, you are beautifully dressed.
2. The wonderful air is over me ;
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.
3. You friendly Earth ! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?
4. Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,—
“You are more than the Earth, though
you are such a dot :
You can love and think, and the Earth
can not !”



W. B. RANDB.



The Last Load.
(From the picture by John Linnell, in the Tate Gallery.)

17. THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE.—II.

1. The English amongst whom Constance now found herself were heathens, but the Britons who formerly dwelt in the land had been Christians. Nearly all the Britons had been killed or driven into the mountains of Wales, and in all Northumbria there were only three Christian men.

2. When the keeper of the castle took Constance out of the boat, he found fine clothing and much treasure in it. From this he learned that his guest was a rich and noble lady, though he did not know that she was a princess and a daughter of the Emperor of Rome.

3. Now at this time there was a young knight living in the castle. He was both cruel and wicked, and he fell deeply in love with Constance. He wished very much to marry her ; but she knew that he was a man of evil mind, and she told him plainly that she could never love him in return.

4. Then the knight's love turned to hatred, and he did a deed of awful wickedness so as to bring shame and dishonour upon her. He waited until the keeper of the castle had gone to visit the king, and then hid himself in the chamber where Constance and the keeper's wife lay sleeping together. In the dead of night he slew the lady

and fled, leaving the blood-stained knife by the side of Constance. He did this so that it would seem as if Constance had killed her companion.

5. Next day the keeper of the castle returned, bringing with him the king, whose name was Ella. At once the false knight told the keeper the sad news, and said that Constance had murdered his wife. At first he would not believe that his sweet and gentle guest had done such a foul deed, but when he saw the knife which was found by her side he felt that she must be guilty.

6. So Constance was brought before the king, who asked her many questions and learnt her sad story. He was full of pity for her, and wished to save her if he could.

7. Then the false knight was brought in, and he said that he had actually seen Constance do the vile deed. At this the king looked very grave ; but the princess fell upon her knees and prayed God to deliver her. No one could see her pale face and upturned eyes without pity. So the king said to a servant, "Go to one of the Christians for a holy book, and let us see if the knight will place his hand upon it and swear that this maiden is guilty."

(1,745)

4



8. The servant hastened away and soon returned with a holy book. Then the knight laid his hand on it and swore that Constance had done the deed. But even as he spoke, an unseen hand smote him, and he fell down senseless. Then the king and all about him knew that Constance was innocent.

9. Ella ordered the knight to be slain, and some time afterwards made Constance his dear wife and queen. She was very happy; but, alas! fresh troubles were in store for her.

10. A year went by, and then Ella was forced to go to Scotland. While he was away a little son was born to Constance, and at once the constable of the kingdom sent off a swift messenger with a sealed letter telling her husband the joyful news. On his way to Scotland the messenger was told to call at the house of the king's mother and ask if she had any message to send to her son.



18. THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE.—III.

1. King Ella's mother had hated Constance from the first, and had long waited for a chance of doing her some injury. She now set her wicked wits

to work, and soon thought of a plan by which she might part husband and wife.

2. When the messenger came to her on his way to Scotland, she bade him rest for the night in her house. The man did so, and while he slept she stole the sealed letter from the bag in which he carried it. This letter, you will remember, was written by the constable, and it told Ella the joyful news that a son had been born to him.



3. The old queen then wrote another letter in writing like that of the constable, and put it into the bag in place of the one which she had stolen. This false letter said that Constance was not a woman at all but a wicked fairy, and that the child which had been born to her was a hideous monster.

4. When the king read this he was full of sorrow. At once he wrote a reply to the constable, saying that nothing was to be done until his return. This he gave to the messenger, who set off at once for Northumbria. On his way he spent another night at the house of the king's mother.

5. Again the old queen stole the letter from the messenger's bag and put another in its place. This letter was written in writing which looked like the king's, and it bade the constable put the queen and

her child into the boat which had brought her to Northumbria and set them adrift. "Thus," said the letter, "she shall go back to the place whence she came, and never again return to these shores."

6. The constable was much grieved when he read this cruel order, but he dared not disobey it. When the people heard the sad news they wept aloud, for Constance was very dear to them. On the fourth morning the poor queen was led to the seashore, where the boat lay ready for her.



7. Her face was pale as death, yet she was calm because her trust was in God. She kneeled and prayed that He who had kept her from the false charge of murder would also keep her from harm in the salt sea. Then she took her baby in her arms, and the poor little thing cried bitterly. She turned to the constable and said, "O mercy, kind sir! My little child hath done no harm. Let him dwell here while I go to my fate."

8. The constable was touched to the heart, but it was his duty to obey the king's command. He sadly shook his head, and the poor queen stepped into the boat. Once more she was adrift

in the open sea, with no hope or help save in Heaven. The boat was tossed to and fro by the waves until at last it came in sight of a fleet belonging to her father, the Emperor of Rome. The officer who was in charge of the fleet rescued Constance and her child, and took them back with him to Rome, where they lived in his house. He did not know who Constance was, and nothing could make her tell him.

9. Some years passed away, and the baby grew to be a little boy. The officer who had taken him and his mother from the drifting boat had grown very fond of the boy. One day when he went to the emperor's palace on business he took the lad with him.

10. Ella had just reached Rome, and was then the guest of the emperor. He saw the little boy, and said to the officer, "Who is this fair child?" The officer replied, "A mother he hath, but father hath none." Then he told King Ella the story of how he had rescued Constance and her son from the peril of the sea.

11. Ella fixed his eyes on the boy, and could not help noticing his great likeness to Constance. Then he thought that perhaps the lady who had been picked up at sea was his own wife. So he sent the officer in haste to fetch her.

12. When at last Constance stood before Ella,



he knew her in a moment, and she, poor lady, fell into a swoon at the sight of him. When she recovered, Ella told her of the great wrong which his mother had done, and Constance understood that her husband was not to blame. Then they tenderly kissed each other, and great was their happiness.

13. The story is nearly at an end. Constance was made known to her father and mother, who had long mourned for her, and they clasped her in their arms and wept for joy. Soon afterwards Ella took his sweet wife back to Northumbria, where they lived together in love and peace.

19. AN ALLEGORY.

1. You must not suppose that Chaucer was the only English poet of his time. England had two other poets about whom I must say a few words. One of them was John Gower, and the other was William Langley, or Langland as he is commonly called.

2. If you visit the fine old church of St. Saviour, Southwark, you will see John Gower's tomb. On it there is a figure of the poet with the three great books which he wrote under his



head. He was a rich and learned man, and a friend of Chaucer's. Once when Chaucer was sent on an errand abroad he left Gower in charge of his business affairs.

3. Gower wrote poems in Latin, French, and English. His English poems, like Chaucer's, are written in rhyming verses, and many of his stories are taken from the old Latin writers. His verses were very pleasing, but he was by no means so great a poet as his friend.

4. Chaucer and Gower lived with the great and the rich, and they sang their songs for lords and ladies. We are now to hear of a writer who knew nothing of kings and courts, but who wrote about the evil doings of the time and the sorrows and hardships of the poor.

5. We do not know much about William Langland except that he was a priest and was born in Shropshire about eight years before Chaucer. His great poem is called the "Vision of Piers Plowman." It is what is called an allegory, and this I must explain.

6. Perhaps when you were younger than you are now you formed a bad habit, and your mother called you to her and told you a story. It was about a boy or a girl of your own age who did the same wrong or unpleasant thing that you yourself had done. You were glad to listen to the story, because you are fond of stories and are always ready to hear them told.

7. While you listened you began to see that you were very much like the boy or the girl in the story. Your own bad habit had been made into a tale, and you saw yourself as in a picture. Then if you were wise you said to yourself, "I will learn a lesson from this story. I will cure myself of this bad habit."

8. If your mother had told you straight out about your fault you perhaps might not have thought much about what she said. But when she put it in story form you could not help thinking about the matter.

9. Now the poets sometimes teach us good lessons in much the same way. They tell us tales which are very interesting in themselves, but are something more than mere stories. The men and women in their stories stand for some quality, either good or bad—for truth or falsehood, greed or envy, pride or sloth, and so on.

10. We read the story of these men and women, and learn many good and useful lessons. If we were told these things directly, we should, perhaps, not pay much heed to them. The poet, however, makes us listen to his story, and then we cannot help thinking about its meaning. In this way we learn, and we are our own teachers.

11. In Book II. I told you several fables in verse. When Æsop wrote these stories he put at the end of

them what is called a moral—that is, he set down in so many words the lesson which he wished the reader to learn from the story. Now I think you understand the differences between a fable and an allegory. In the fable we are told the lesson which we must learn; in the allegory we discover the lesson for ourselves.

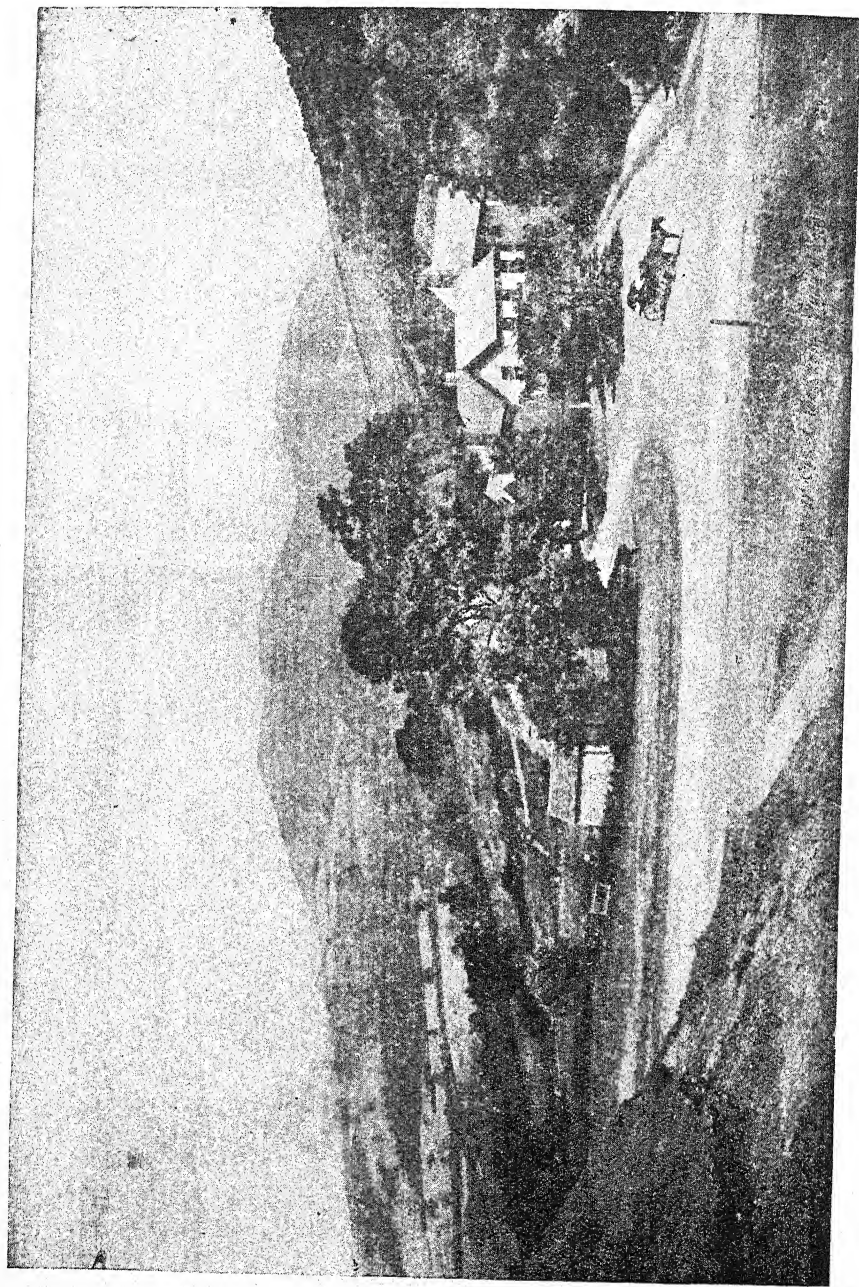
20. THE VISION OF PIERS PLOWMAN.

1. Langland tells us in his poem that one day he fell asleep on the pleasant Malvern Hills. He dreamed that he saw a fair meadow with a hill at one end of it. On this hill stood a tower. At the other end was a valley full of mists and shadows.

2. The meadow, which was full of people of all kinds, was a picture of the world. Every man and woman that Langland saw in it stood for some vice or fault. He tells us about these people, and in doing so we learn what sorrow and sadness, poverty and misery, the poor suffered in England in his days.

3. He wrote his poem in the old English way.





THE "PLEASANT MALVERN HILLS."
On these hills Langland saw the Vision of Piers Plowman.

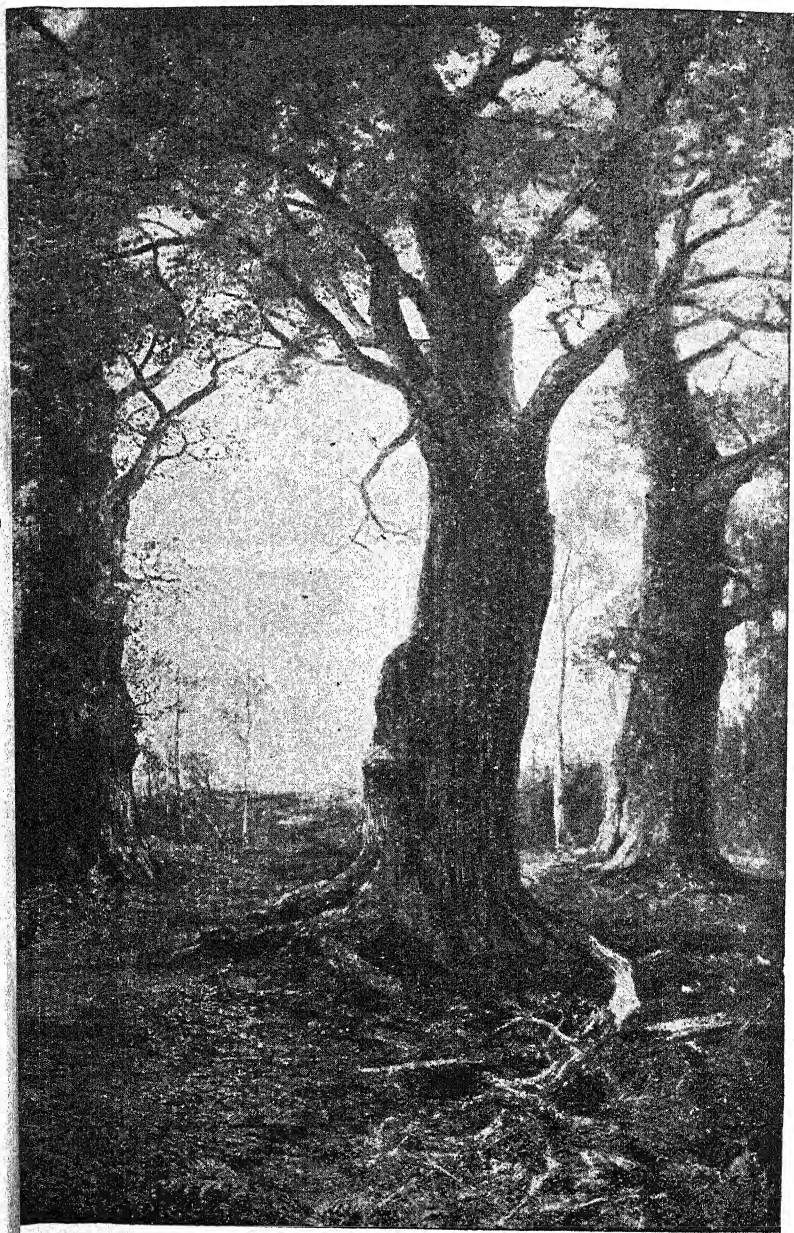
Chaucer and Gower made their lines end with rhymes after the French fashion, but Langland disliked this new-fangled manner of writing poetry. He loved the old times and the old ways, so he wrote his poetry like that of Beowulf and Cædmon. For this and other reasons the working people loved to hear his poems.

4. Amongst the many people in the meadow was Robin Hood, about whom you may read in Highroads of History, Book II. You will remember that Robin had broken the law, and had taken refuge in Sherwood Forest, where he lived with his "merry men," hunting the king's deer and robbing the rich folks who passed by.

5. The laws of the time were so harsh and cruel that many men were driven to the woods. The country people were very friendly with these outlaws, and often helped them to escape from the king's officers. They did not consider them as wrongdoers, but as brave men who stood up for the rights of the poor.

6. Robin Hood was the bravest and best of these outlaws, and, as you know, he was the finest archer of his time. Just as King Arthur had been the hero of the knights of old, so Robin Hood became the hero of the working people. They made scores of songs about his daring deeds, and more

1100-00



THE "THREE KINGS," SHERWOOD FOREST.

(From the Picture by J. M'Whirter, R.A.).

These trees were no doubt standing when Robin Hood lived in the forest.

than a hundred of these songs have come down to us. You will read one of them in the next lesson.

7. We do not know who made these songs any more than we know who first made the songs about King Arthur. Whenever Robin or his men did a striking deed a song was made about it, and was carried from village to village and from shire to shire until it was known and sung all over the land. Langland tells us in his poem that he knew many "rhymes of Robin Hood." So did almost everybody who lived in his day and for hundreds of years after.

21. ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

1. As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
Then he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine could be.
2. The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.
3. As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.



4. The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away,
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
“Alack and well-a-day!”
5. Then stepped forth brave Little John
And Midge the miller’s son;
Which made the young man bend
his bow
When as he saw them come.
6. “Stand off, stand off!” the young
man said,
“What is your will with me?”
“You must come before our master straight
Under yon greenwood tree.”
7. And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
“Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?”
8. “I have no money,” the young man said,
“But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.
9. “Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta’en,
And chosen to be an old knight’s delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.”

10. "What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood;
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young
man,
My name it is Allen-a-Dale."
11. "What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"
12. "I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."
13. Then Robin hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,*
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should
keep his wedding.
14. With that came in a
wealthy knight,
Which was both grave
and old,
And after him a dainty lass
Did shine like glistening
gold.

* Stop or rest.



15. "This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here ;
For since we are come into the church
The bride shall choose her own dear."
16. Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three,
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.
17. And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale
To give bold Robin his bow.
18. "This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say ;
And you shall be married at this same time
Before we depart away."
19. "Who gives me this maid?" said Little John ;
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I,
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."
20. And thus making end of the merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen ;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood
Amongst the leaves so green.

22. SCOTLAND'S POET KING.

1. Do you remember the story of Palamon and Arcite which the knight told on his way to Canterbury? I am going to tell you a true story of a young king, and I think you will say that one part of it is very like the opening of the Knight's Tale.

2. King Robert the Third of Scotland was a tall and graceful man, but he was weak and idle, and left his strong and cruel brother, the Duke of Albany, to rule his kingdom for him. Now King Robert had two sons; the eldest was a wild young man, and his uncle managed to get him shut up in a castle.

3. What happened to the young prince we do not know, but after a short time he died, and his body was found to be wasted to a skeleton. Many people believed that he had been starved to death by his cruel uncle.

4. The king had now only one son left, a boy of eleven, named James. He was afraid that this lad would suffer the fate of his elder brother, so he put him on board a ship which was meant to carry him for safety to the King of France. On the way to

(1,745)

5*





King James I. of Scotland first sees his future Queen.

*(From the picture by James Drummond, R.S.A., in the
National Gallery of Scotland.)*

France an English ship seized the Scottish vessel, and made the young prince prisoner.

5. When he was taken before Henry IV., the old earl who was in charge of him said that it was base and mean of the English king to capture the young prince. There was peace between the two countries, and Prince James was only going to France to learn French. "That is all right," said Henry; "I will teach him French, for I know it well. The boy could not have fallen into better hands."

6. Henry shut the lad up in his castle of Windsor, and held him prisoner for seventeen long years. He kept his word, however, and gave Prince James the best teachers of the time. He learned French and Latin, and he loved reading poetry. Chaucer and Gower were his favourite poets, and to while away the time he wrote poetry himself. The book which he wrote is known as the "King's Book."

7. In this book he sings of his happy boyhood, of his journey towards France, and of his cruel capture and imprisonment at Windsor. He longs to return to his home and kindred, and he laments that he has been robbed of the joys of youth.

8. One day he rose very early because he could not sleep. He looked out of his window at the

garden. As he looked he beheld "the fairest and the freshest young flower that e'er he saw."

This was an English lady named Jane Beaufort, who was walking in the garden to enjoy the "fresh May morrow."



9. The young prince at once fell in love with the fair English girl, and made up his mind that she should be his wife. At length his false uncle died, and the people of Scotland asked the English king to set their young prince free. The king agreed, and James married his "milk-white dove," as he called her.

10. Then he set off for Scotland, where he reigned for thirteen years. At the end of that time some of his nobles plotted against him, and stabbed him to death. Such was his sad end.

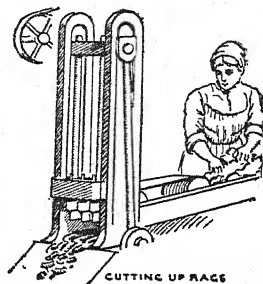
11. The "King's Book" is full of beautiful verses, though they remind us very much of Chaucer. None of the poets who lived in the time of the "Morning Star" sang more sweetly than this poet king, who spent his youth in captivity, and was struck down before his hair was gray by the daggers of his own subjects.

23. PAPER.

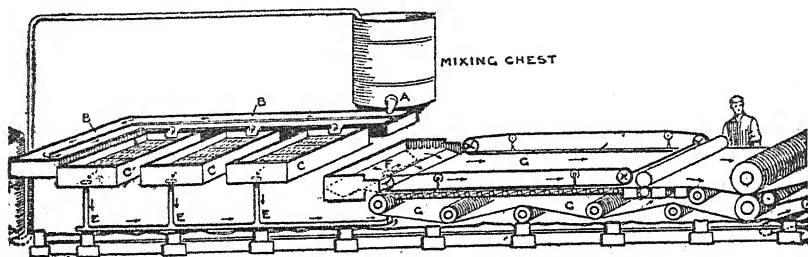
1. There is nothing more common in our country than paper. We use it for so many purposes that we can hardly think of a world without paper. We write our letters and keep our accounts on paper; we print our books and newspapers on it; we cover the walls of our houses with it; we wrap our parcels in it, and we use it in dozens of other ways.

2. Look at the paper on which this book is printed. How smooth and white it is! You know that everything we have or can have comes from the land, and this paper was made from the fibres of a grass which grows in Spain. Ship-loads of this grass may be seen at the docks of our big seaports. Writing and other fine papers are made from rags. The cheapest kinds of paper are made from wood.

3. The grass or the rags or the wood are first torn into very small pieces, which are washed in water until they are clean. Then they are boiled in a large boiler, and put into great tanks, where they are stirred about and beaten. At last they become quite white, and the little bits of fibre make the water look something like milk. We call this pulp.



4. Next this pulp is allowed to run over a fine cloth woven out of wire. The water runs through the holes in the cloth, and the solid bits of fibre are left on it in a smooth sheet; this is dried and pressed and forms paper. Such paper is now made by machines, which turn out great quantities of it every day in long strips or webs.

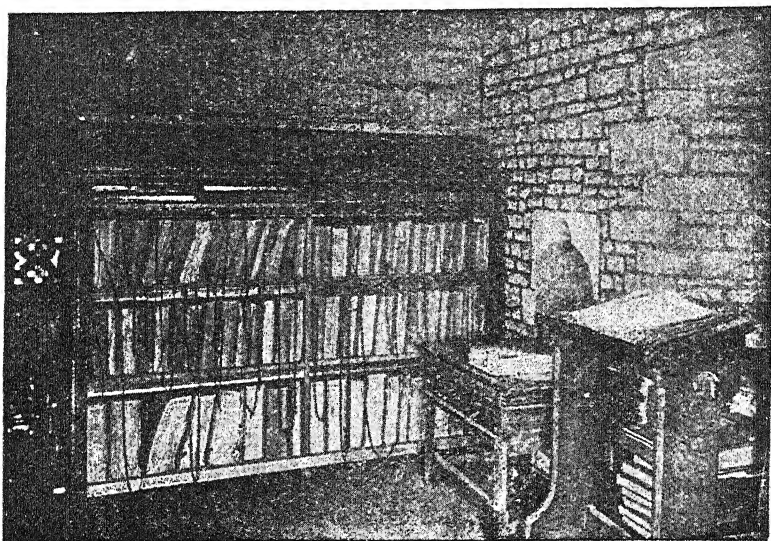


PART OF A PAPER-MAKING MACHINE.

A, Tank from which the pulp flows. B, Sand-traps, which catch the sand in the pulp. C, The strainers. The pulp then flows down the pipes, E, to the middle of the mixing vat, F. It then flows over the endless vibrating wire-cloth, G, and comes out as a sheet. It afterwards receives the water-marks, and is dried, pressed, smoothed, and rolled up into reels.

5. Though paper is now so common, it was scarcely known in England before the days of Chaucer. You know that books were then written by hand on parchment—that is, on the prepared skins of sheep or calves. I have already told you that the monks were the great makers of books. In Book II. you saw a picture of a monk carefully copying the words of a book, and making each page beautiful with designs in gold and colours.

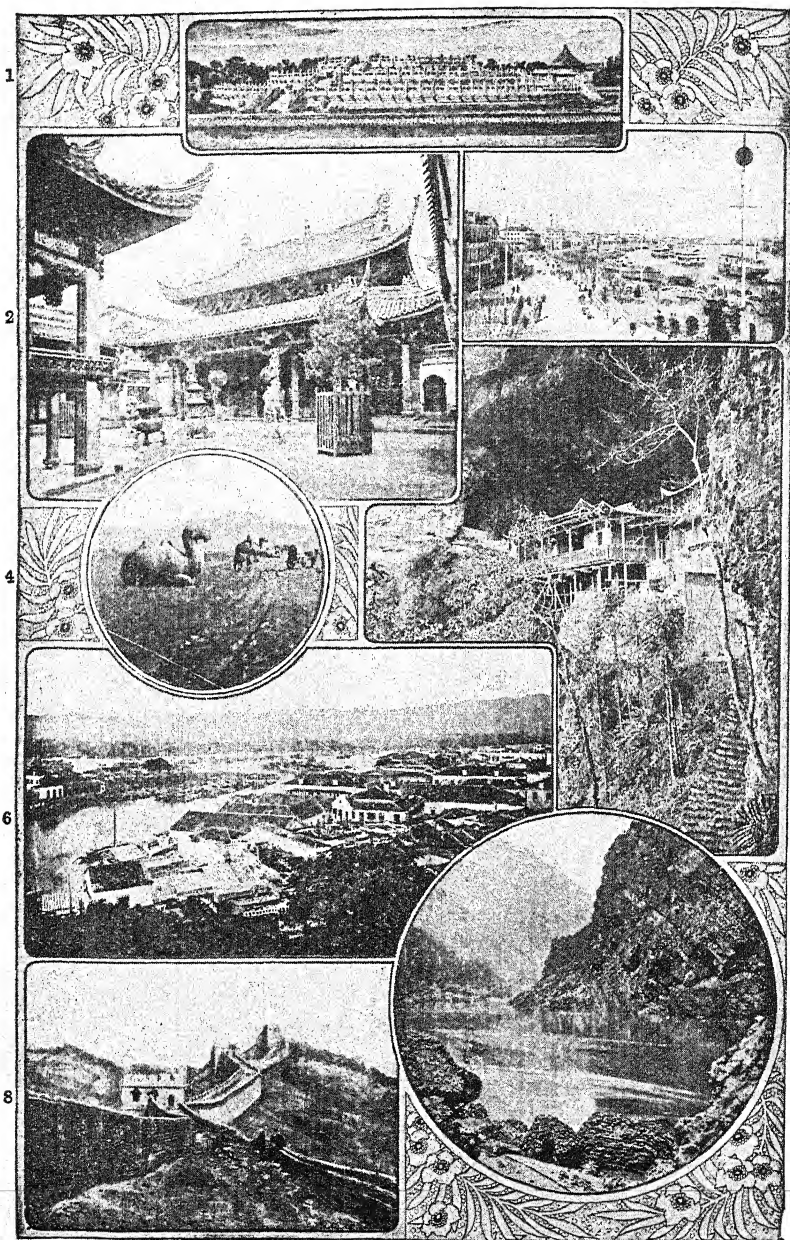
6. Parchment was dear, and the copying of a book took a long time. This meant that books were very costly, and that only the monasteries and the colleges and a few rich men could afford to possess them. So valuable were books that the greatest care was taken of them. They were



CHAINED BOOKS IN GRANTHAM PARISH CHURCH.

usually chained to desks, so that they could not be stolen. In some of our old churches you may still see a library of chained books.

7. Books were then for the few ; now they are for the many. In our days books are so plentiful and cheap that even the poorest person amongst us



SCENES IN CHINA.

1. Open-air temple at Peking, the capital. 2. Ordinary type of Chinese temple. 3. In Shanghai, a great port of China. 4. Stone camels near Peking. 5. A Chinese monastery in the mountains. 6. A Chinese port, showing the part where the foreigners live. 7. A gorge on the greatest river in South China. 8. The Great Wall of China.

can afford to have books of his own. I am going to tell you how this great change was brought about. The first step was to find something cheaper than parchment on which books could be written. This something was paper.

8. Most good things have come to us from the East, and it was from the East that we first obtained paper to take the place of parchment. Paper came to Europe from Cathay or China.

9. The Chinese are a wonderful people. For some hundreds of years they have been what we should call a backward nation, though they are now waking up. In very early times they were ahead of all other people. Ages ago, when the British were savages, the Chinese were highly civilized.

10. More than two thousand five hundred years before the birth of Christ there was a Chinese emperor named Huang-ti. He taught the Chinese how to write, and he is still worshipped as the "god of writing." Not only were books written in his day, but temples and houses and cities were built. A calendar was made, silk-worms were kept, and silk was woven; the pipe organ was known, and regular weights and measures were used. Many of the things which came to us late in our history were known to the Chinese long before the birth of Christ.

11. We read in Chinese books that paper was first made in China when the Romans were conquering Britain. The Chinese made their paper out of bark, tow, and old nets. The Arabs learnt the art from them, and they became the chief paper-makers of the world. They were the first to use rags for paper.



12. The Arabs became masters of Spain in the year that William the First died. They brought the new art with them, and slowly it spread to Italy, France, and Holland. The making of paper was still a secret, and it is said that when the first paper mill was set up in Germany the workmen had to swear an oath, under pain of death, that they would not tell any one how it was made.

13. Paper came into use in this country during the days of Chaucer, and soon afterwards it took the place of parchment. Paper was so much cheaper than the skins of sheep or calves that books could now be produced at a much less cost than formerly. This was the first step in making books cheap. The second and far greater step we shall read about in later lessons.

24. THOMAS THE RHYMER.

[Thomas the Rhymer was a Scottish poet who lived between the days of Layamon and Chaucer, near the Eildon Hills, not far from the river Tweed, in the south of Scotland. Thomas was not only a poet, but a prophet—that is, he foretold what was going to happen. It is said that he spent seven years in Fairyland, and the following old verses tell us the story.]

1. True Thomas lay o'er yon grassy bank ;
And he beheld a lady gay,
A lady that was brisk and bold,
Come riding o'er the ferny brae.*
2. Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine ;
From every tuft of her horse's mane
Hung fifty silver bells and nine.
3. True Thomas he took off his hat,
And bowed him low down to his knee ;
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For your like on earth I never did see."
4. "Oh no, oh no, True Thomas," she says,
"That name does not belong to me ;
I am but the Queen of fair Elfland,
And I am come here for to visit thee.
5. "And ye must go with me now, Thomas,
True Thomas, ye must go with me ;

* Hill-side.

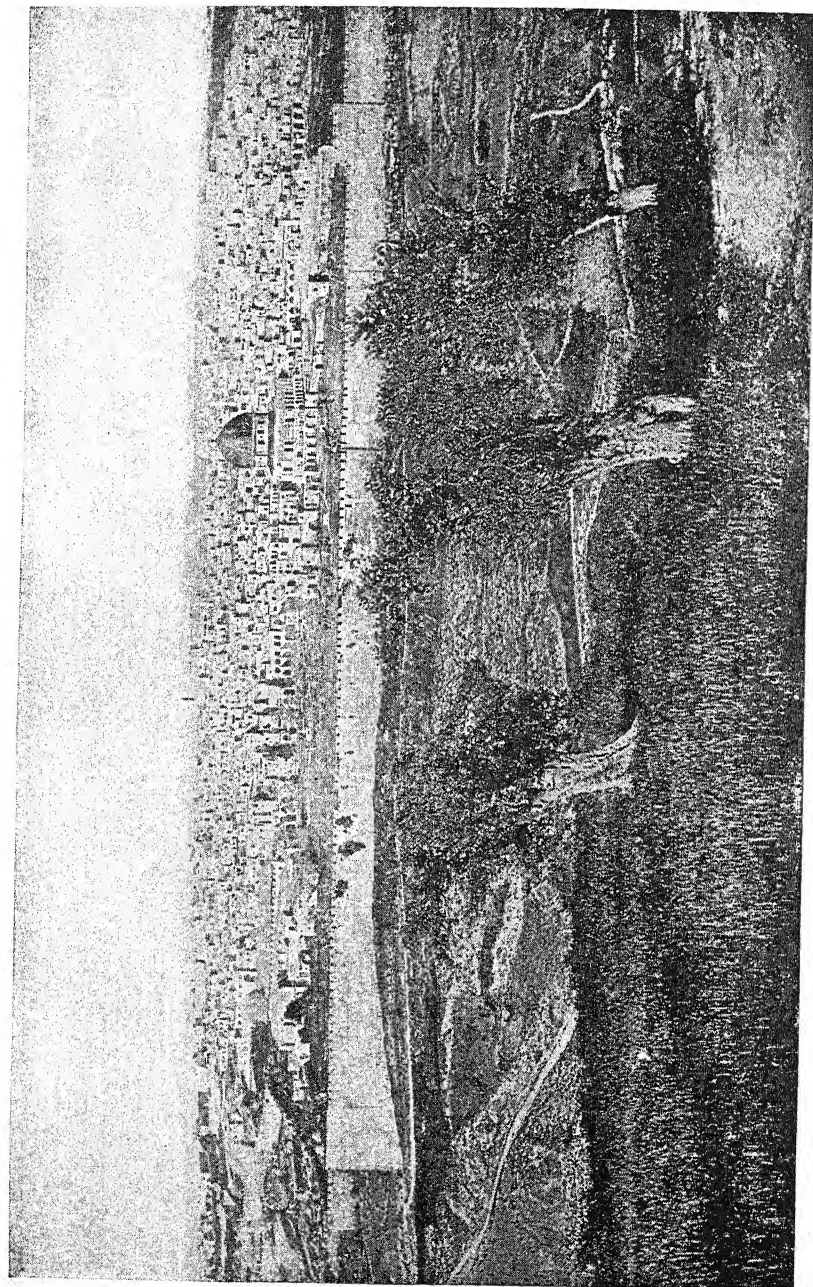


DEEP IN FAIRYLAND.

(From the picture by James Archer, R.S.A. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.)

For ye must serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

6. She turned about her milk-white steed,
And took True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed flew swifter than the wind.
7. Oh, they rode on, and farther on,
Until they came to a garden green.
"Light down, light down, ye lady free;
Some of that fruit let me pull for thee."
8. "Oh no, oh no, True Thomas," she says,
"That fruit must not be touched by thee;
For all the plagues that tongue could tell
Come from the fruit of this country.
9. "But I have a loaf here in my lap,
Likewise a bottle of claret wine;
And now ere we go farther on
We'll rest awhile, and ye may dine."
10. When he had eaten and drunk his fill,
He laid him down upon the lea.
The lady said, "We will climb yon hill,
And I will show you wonders three.
11. "Oh, see not ye yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorns and briers?



JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

St. Albans he had a great desire to visit Asia and Africa. He tells us that this wish first came to him when he heard the stories of a man who had visited the East. Perhaps this man was a Crusader, who told him of the Arabs and Turks, of their beautiful temples and their strange ways of living.

6. At any rate young Mandeville made up his mind that he would be a traveller. When he was about twenty-two years of age he left England, and he tells us that for more than thirty years he travelled to and fro in the East. After his return he wrote the book which made him famous.

7. What does he tell us in this book? He says that he visited Tartary, Persia, Egypt, Ethiopia, India, China, and the Holy Land. He saw great rivers fed by mountain streams, which rushed into the sea with such force that the waters were fresh twenty miles from the shore.

8. He also saw mountains which soared above the clouds, and whose shadows were threescore miles long. So still was the air over them that letters traced by the fingers in the dust of the rocks would be found there a year afterwards, untouched by rain or by a breath of wind.

9. Then he writes about the wonders which he saw in the Holy Land. He tells us of a tree which drops its leaves every year at the time when

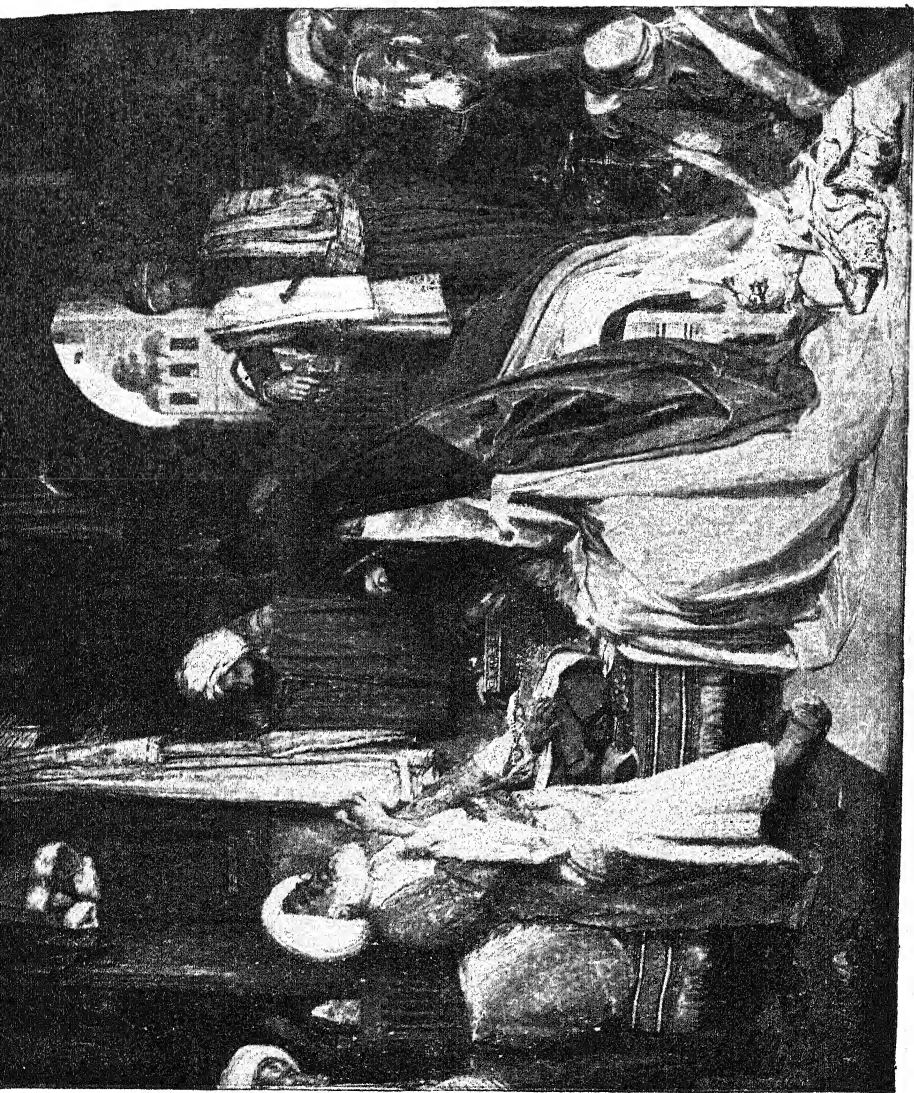
Jesus Christ was nailed to the cross, and will never be like other trees until Jerusalem belongs to the Christians. He also tells us that the birds bring olive leaves in their mouths to the monks, who make olive oil out of them. He has also much to say about the splendid tombs of the saints and the altars and temples which he saw.

10. These wonders, which perhaps will make you smile, were nothing to what he saw outside the Holy Land. In Egypt he found trees which bore seven different kinds of fruit; and others which were called apples of Paradise, because no matter into how many parts each apple was divided, every part had a figure of the cross in the centre of it.

11. There were even greater wonders in Ethiopia. In this land he says that he saw men with only one foot, which was so huge that they could use it as an umbrella to shade themselves from the sun! All these "travellers' tales" were firmly believed by his simple hearers. No tale, however foolish, was too wild or strange for them to believe.

26. A BOOK OF WONDERS.—II.

1. Mandeville wrote much about China, which was then known as Cathay. He tells us that he and his fellow-travellers spent more than a year in



The Doubtful Coin.

(From the picture by John Frederick Lewis, R.A. By permission of the Corporation of Birmingham.)
This picture shows a familiar scene in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, which Sir John Mandeville says that he visited. A money-changer is examining an old silver coin which a veiled lady has brought to him to be changed. A

the court of its great khan or emperor. He describes the khan's palace, and tells of all sorts of wonders which he saw in the country. Much of what he tells us is quite true.



2. Now let me tell you one of his tales, which I am sure you will say is not at all true. He says that in the island of Lango there lives a fair lady in the form and likeness of a great dragon, six hundred feet long. She lives in a cave inside a castle, and is only seen in the form

of a woman two or three times a year.

3. She was changed into a dragon by a goddess, and she will remain a dragon until a knight is bold enough to come to her and kiss her on the mouth. Then she will become a woman again, but after that she will not live long.

4. Once upon a time a very brave knight went to her island, and rode into the castle right up to the mouth of the cave. When the dragon saw him she lifted up her head, and the knight was so frightened at the horrible sight that he fled away. The dragon followed him, dashed him upon a rock, and then flung him and his horse into the sea.

Rejendra

5. The men of the isle say that one day a young knight who knew nothing of the dragon went into the cave and saw a fair lady combing her hair before a mirror. When the lady saw his image in the mirror she turned and asked him why he had come.

6. He said that he wished to marry her, so she bade him return on the morrow, when he would see her in the form of a dragon terrible to behold. He was not to be afraid, for she would do him no harm. He was to kiss her on the mouth, and she would change into a woman again. Then he should marry her and be lord of the island.



7. The young man came back the next day, but when he saw the dragon he cried aloud with fright and ran to his ship. When the dragon saw his ship depart she wept bitter tears, and went back to her cave in great sorrow. Soon afterwards the knight died.

8. Mandeville tells us that other knights also went to the island, but none of them dared to kiss the dragon, and all of them died. But when a knight goes to the isle who is brave enough to kiss her he will not die. He will turn the dragon into

a beautiful damsel, and when he has married her he will be lord of the land.

9. In Mandeville's time men spoke much of a Christian emperor of Ethiopia who was known as Prester John. All sorts of wonders were to be seen in his land. There were men whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, and a strange bird which threw itself into flames when it was old and was born again. A crocodile that wept and a

lamb that grew like a vegetable also lived in Prester John's land.



10. There were huge ants that dug up gold, and fish that produced all manner of jewels. In this wondrous country you might also see the Fountain of Youth, in which if an old man bathed he became young again. There were pebbles which

gave out light and made the man who owned them invisible. There was also a worm known as the salamander, which lived in fire and wove for itself a kind of cloth which could not be burned. This was made into robes for Prester John, and the robes were washed in flaming fire.

11. Prester John was said to be a very great king, and to live in very grand state. When he went forth to war thirteen great crosses made of gold and jewels were carried in wagons before him. Each of these crosses was followed by 10,000 knights and 100,000 footmen.

12. In all his kingdom there were no poor people, no robbers, no misers, and no wicked men. Kings and dukes and earls and archbishops waited on him; but he was very humble, and only called himself "Prester," which means "elder."

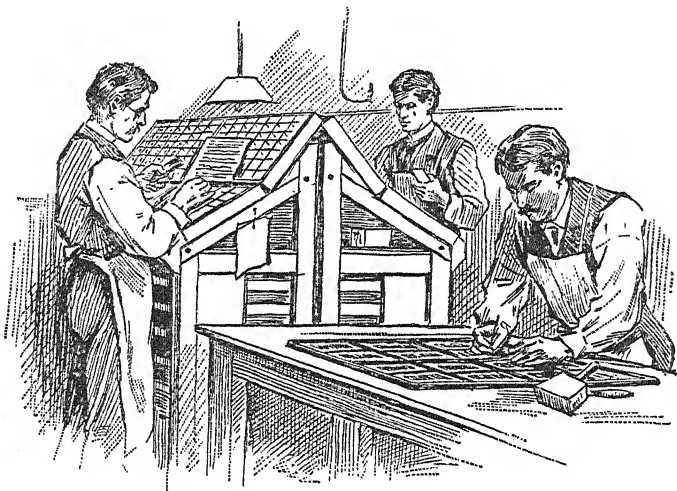
13. Such are the stories which Mandeville tells. Some learned men say that he never visited these far-off countries at all, but that he made up his book out of other men's stories of travel. Whether this is true or not, we know that his work was a great favourite with the people of his time, and that it was turned into delightful English prose.

27. HOW A BOOK IS MADE.—I.

1. To-day we will visit a printing office and see how a book is made. We first enter what is called the caseroom, and here we see a number of men working at their cases. A case is a shallow box without a lid, and is divided up into a number of smaller boxes, each of which is filled with types.

2. Take one of these types in your hand. You see that it is a piece of metal with a raised letter at one end. Press your finger on the letter, and you will find the shape of it on your skin.

3. Each box in the case contains only one kind of letter. You will notice that some of the boxes are



TYPE-SETTING.

larger than the others. These larger boxes contain the letters which are most frequently used. I wonder whether you can tell me which letters these are.

4. You know that all books are first written by hand or are typewritten. In front of the men at the cases you will see one or more sheets of a written book. The men look at the "copy," as

they call it, and then take type after type from the various boxes, and put them together until a line has been "set up."

5. You could not easily read this line from the type, for the letters and words are all turned the wrong way, just as they would appear if you were to see this page in a mirror.

6. Line after line is "set up" until the whole book is in type. Then the type is taken to a hand press, placed on its bed-plate, and inked. The bed-plate is moved under the press, and a handle is pulled. This brings a flat plate firmly down on the type. When the plate is lifted again the type is moved from under the press, and the paper is taken off. It is now printed with the letters at the end of the types.

7. The paper which has just been taken from the press is called a "proof." It is read carefully, and all the mistakes are marked on the margin. Then the man who set the type corrects it. If a word is spelt wrongly, he puts it right; if a letter is upside down, he turns it right side up; if he has left out a space or a comma or a full stop, he puts it in.

8. When at last there are no mistakes he arranges the type into pages, leaving spaces for the pictures. Each page is pressed into a soft mould formed of sheets of paper, and an exact copy of the face of the type is obtained. The mould is then filled with

melted metal. When this has become cold and hard we have a plate with all the type in one solid piece.

9. The pictures which have been drawn for the book are now fitted into the plates in their proper places. You could not understand fully how this is done. Blocks of metal are made with every line of the picture raised up so as to print on the paper.

10. When the plates are ready they are taken to the printing machine and laid down in order on a flat table or "bed," which can be moved to and fro. A large drum turns round and round while the bed passes beneath it.

11. Rollers run over the plates and ink them evenly. Then the bed moves forward, and the drum rolls over it as it passes by. On the drum there is a sheet of paper. When the drum has gone right round, this paper is printed. The coloured pictures in this book must be printed several times over, for only one colour of ink can be used at a time.

12. A machine such as the one on which this book was printed can easily print a thousand sheets an hour. The great presses on which newspapers are printed have the plates fastened to a drum, and the paper passes over a second drum working side by side with the first drum, and touching it. A fast newspaper machine can print 96,000 copies in an hour.

28. HOW A BOOK IS MADE.—II.

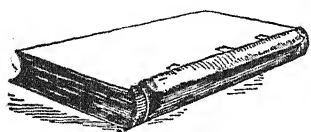
1. Now our book is printed, but it is not yet in the form of a book ; it is only a number of large sheets of paper printed on both sides. Let us see how these sheets take the shape of a book.

2. The large sheets of paper are cut into smaller sheets with eight pages on each side. Each of these smaller sheets is folded into four, and all of the folded sheets which make up the book are stitched together through the back. Several pieces of tape are also fastened to the back and are glued on to the strong pieces of paper which form the first and last pages of the book and are known as end papers.

3. Next, the cover has to be made. A piece of strong cloth is taken and covered with glue. Two stout pieces of cardboard are placed on the glue, side by side, but some distance apart. These pieces of cardboard are to form the sides of the cover, and the cloth between them is to form the rounded part of the back. Then the edges of the cloth are turned up all round, and are firmly glued to the inside of the cardboard.

4. Before the book is put into its cover, the edges are cut smooth and square by a big knife. Then the back is rounded so that the book will lie

open nicely. A piece of gauze is now glued on to the back of the book. It overlaps, as you will see in this little picture. The first and last pages are now pasted on to the insides of the cover. If you examine this book, you will be able

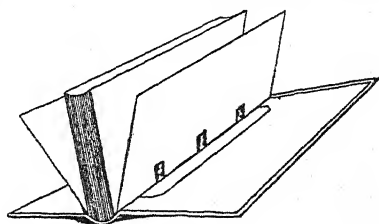


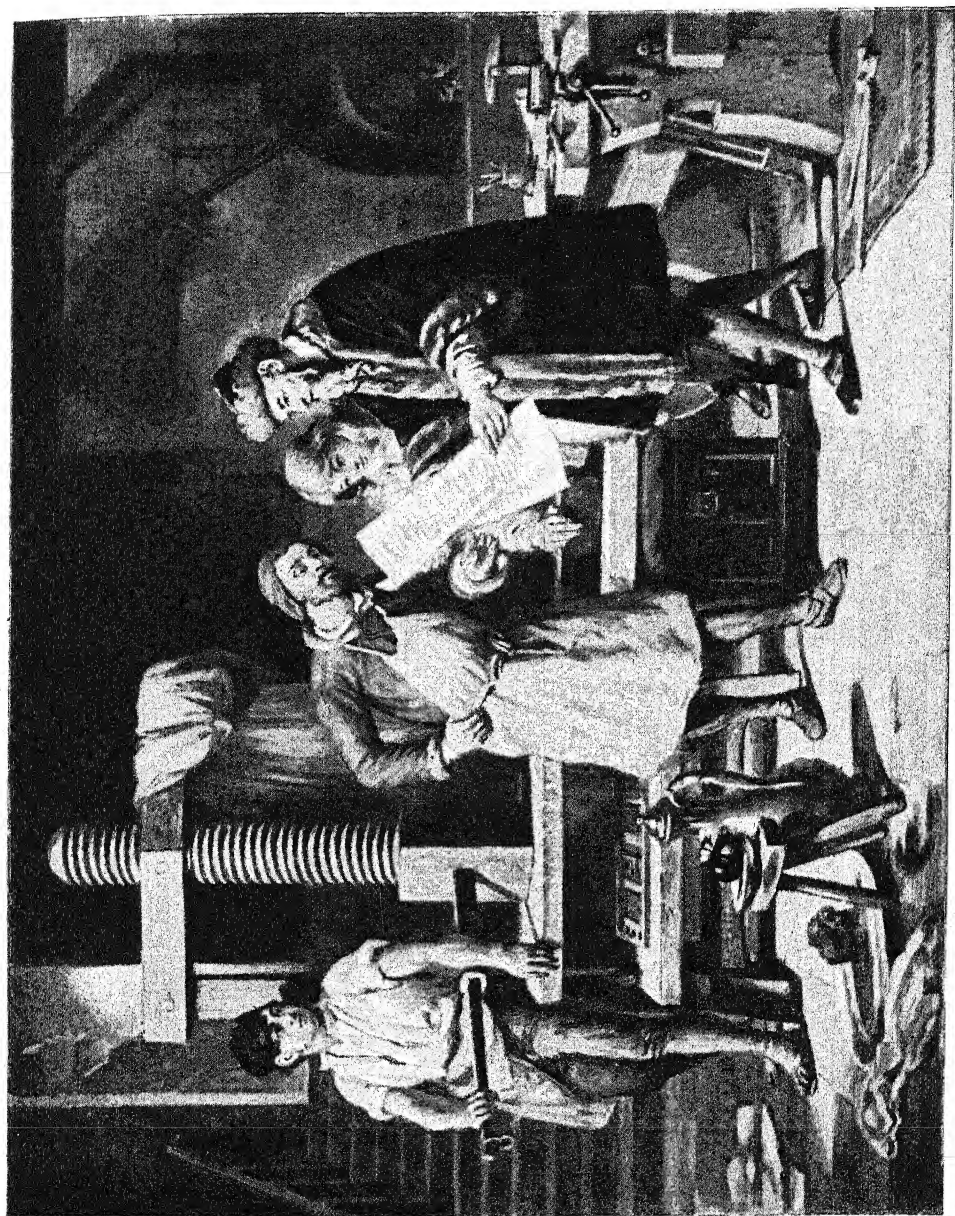
to see both the tapes and the gauze underneath the end papers. The book is then placed under a press until it is quite dry. Now the book is finished, and is ready for use.

5. This is the way in which a book is bound by hand. Nowadays books are bound by machines, which do nearly all the work for themselves. I know a factory where books can be made by machines at the rate of two thousand an hour !

6. Now that we have seen a book made, I think we can understand why books are so cheap. The cost of setting up and printing one book would be greater than the cost of copying it out in the old way by hand. When, however, a book has been put into type and the plates are made, the chief part of the work has been done once and for all.

7. Hundreds of thousands of copies can be made from the same plates, and every copy





Gutenberg and his Press.

(From the picture by F. Hillenbrand.)

that is made costs less than the previous one. For this reason a book becomes cheaper and cheaper the more copies we make of it.

8. From what you have read in this and the previous lesson you will see what a great step forward was made when printing was invented. As you grow older you will understand that the greatest blessings of life have come to us by means of the printing press.

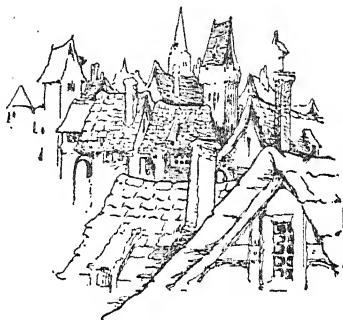
9. Printing made books cheap, and then, and not till then, large numbers of people learned to read. They were soon eager for new books, and this led many gifted men to give themselves up to the work of writing. We should never have had those noble books which have given such help and comfort and pleasure to the British people if there had been no printing presses to spread them widely over the land.

29. THE STORY OF LAURENCE COSTER.

1. To-day we will visit the sleepy old town of Haarlem. The narrow streets, and the quaint old houses with their many gables, are very interesting. Canals cross the city, and there are many rows of fine trees as well as many ancient churches. The town hall has a number of fine pictures by old Dutch painters. On the chimneys of some of the houses

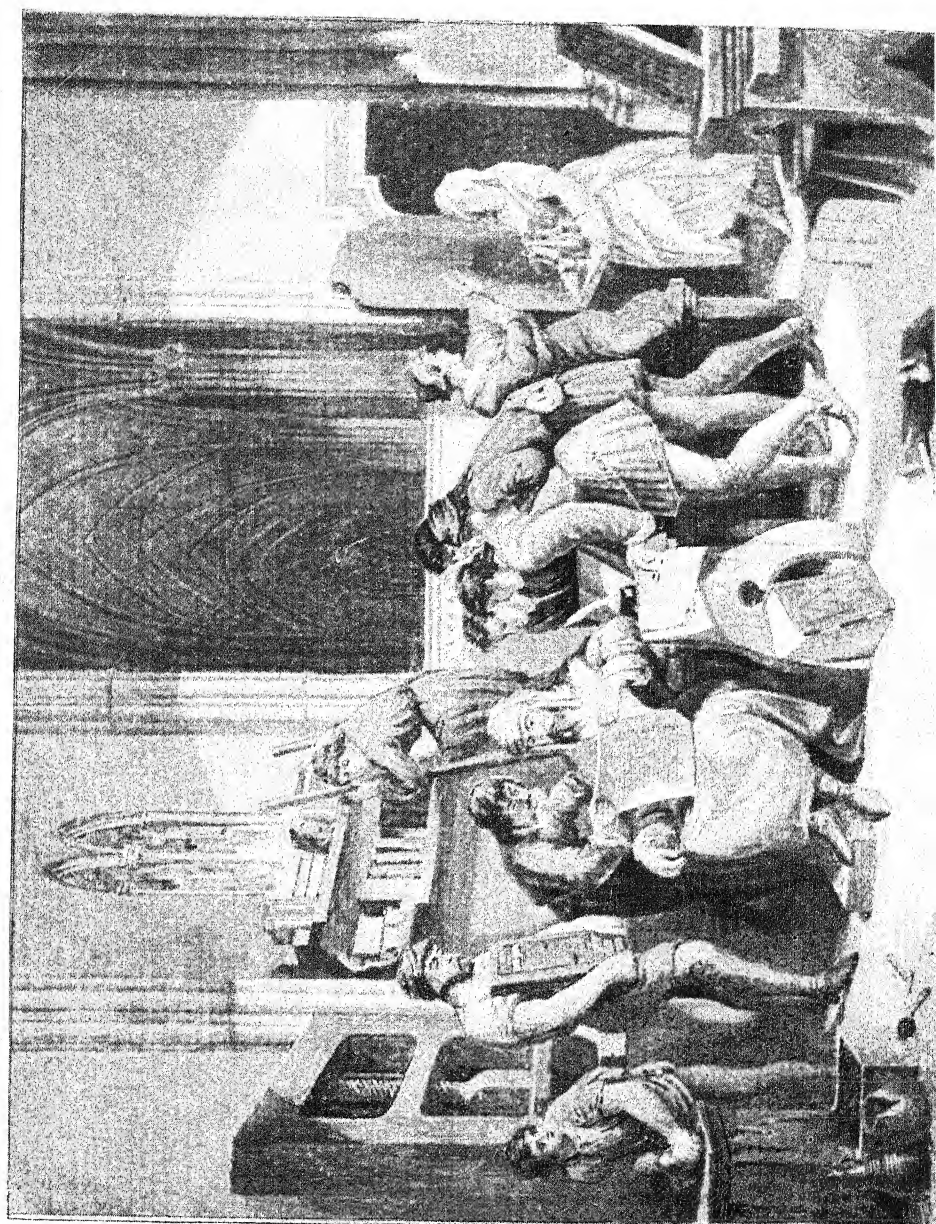
we see the nests of storks. The Dutch people believe that the stork brings good luck to every house on which it builds its nest.

2. In one of the old grass-grown streets there was, a few years ago, a very old house which all visitors to Haarlem went to see. There were tiny panes of glass in the windows, and the heavy roof threw a deep shadow on the narrow pavement. The whole building looked as if a touch would topple it over into the street.



3. In this house, about six hundred years ago, there lived an old man named Laurence Coster. He was the caretaker of a church near by, and he was fond of reading the old books which he found in the church library. These books were, of course, hand-written, for printing had not then been invented.

4. Laurence Coster had three little grandchildren who were a great joy to him. He used to tell them stories out of old books, and he wished to teach them to read for themselves. But how could he do so? There were no books from which they could learn; so he taught the children their letters from the signboards and the tombstones, and drew their shapes on a board with the burnt end of a stick.

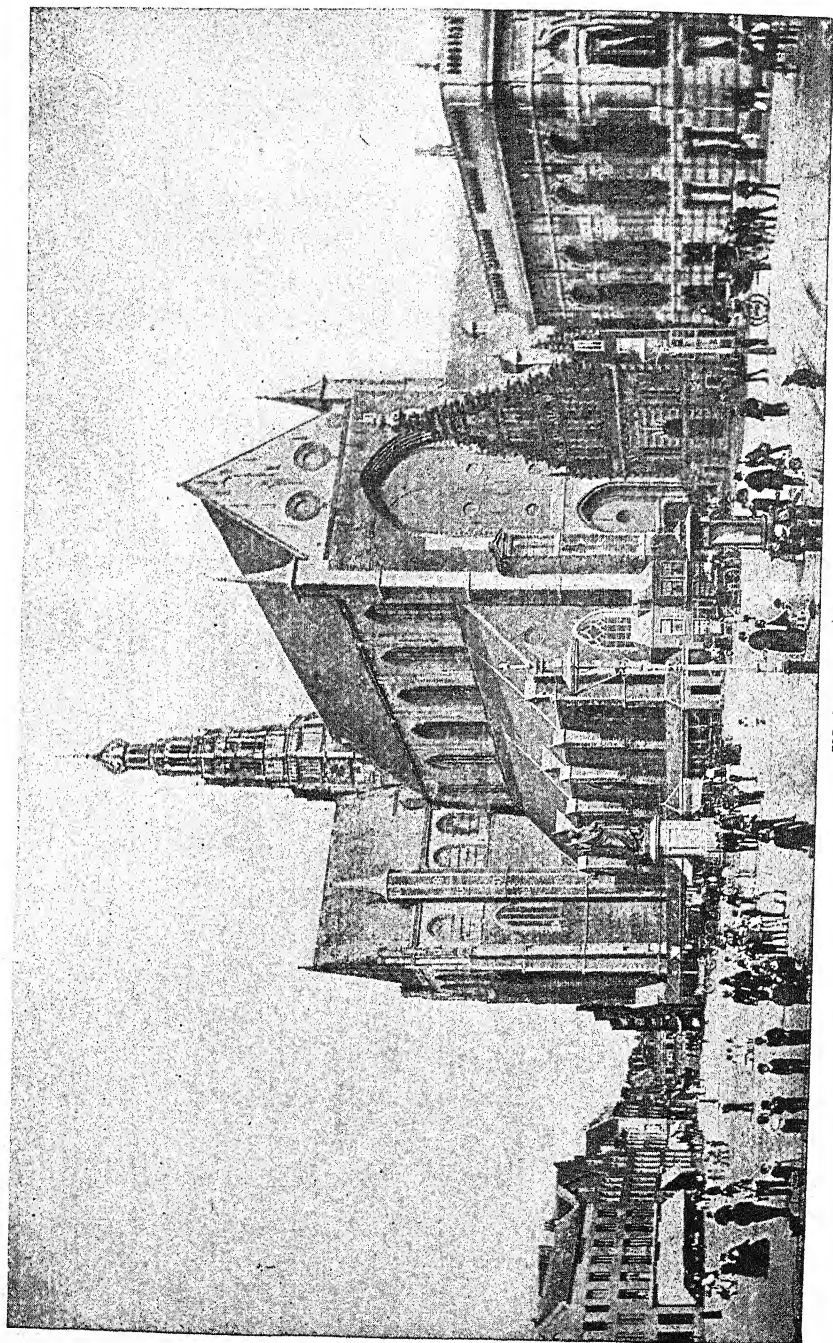


5. One day as he sat under a tree he picked up a piece of bark and began cutting it with his knife into the shape of a letter. In a few hours he had made each of the letters of the alphabet on a separate piece of bark. When they were finished he wrapped them up in a piece of parchment, and took them home to amuse his grandchildren.

6. When he reached home he called his grandchildren and opened his parcel. To his surprise he found that the damp pieces of bark had left marks on the parchment just like the letters which he had carved on them, only turned the wrong way. Here was a new game for the children—to stamp letters on bits of parchment.

7. Before they could do this the old man had to cut the letters as if they were turned the wrong way round, so that when they were printed they would appear the right way. He next made a sticky ink which would not blot, and then he was able to print not only letters but words.

8. Thus Laurence Coster had found out a new art. He had found out how to print words by putting together pieces of wood with raised letters on them. I ought to tell you, however, that learned men do not think that the old Dutchman was the first printer in Europe. They give that honour to a man about whom we shall read in the next lesson.



IN HAARLEM.

(*Photo by Underwood and Underwood.*)

The statue in front of the church is that of Laurence Coster. It was set up in the year 1856.

30. THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

1. You know that the Chinese were the first paper-makers in the world ; they were also the first printers. Hundreds of years before the time of Laurence Coster they printed books from blocks. The words were all carved in raised letters on a single block of wood. This block was smeared with ink, and was pressed down upon paper.

2. The Chinese also knew the use of separate types, but they gave up this way of printing because it was not suited to their language. Chinese has hundreds of signs instead of letters, and it took so long for a man to pick out the sign which he needed that "setting up" was very slow. So the Chinese went back to the old way of carving the whole of a page on one block. This kind of printing was known in our country when Chaucer was a boy.

3. We, you know, have only twenty-six letters in our alphabet, and so separate types can easily be picked out and "set up." The use of separate types is very well suited to all the languages of Europe.

4. The first man to use separate types of metal for the printing of books in Europe was John Gutenberg. We first hear of him in the year 1450, when he was busy printing a large Latin Bible in his

native town of Mainz, in Germany. Where he had learned the art we do not know. Some say that he had been with Laurence Coster in Haarlem, and had learned the use of separate types from him. Others say that he found out the art for himself.

5. Whether this is true or not, we know that Gutenberg was the first man to make good and clear types of metal, very much like those which we use at the present day. He was poor, and had to borrow money from a money-lender named John Fust. This man said that if he lent money to the printer he must be the printer's partner, and to this Gutenberg was forced to agree.

6. About five years later Gutenberg finished his Bible, and it was the first large book ever printed. Then Fust wished to get the whole business for himself, so he asked Gutenberg to give him his money back. Gutenberg could not do this, and was obliged to give up his business to Fust, who started printing for himself.

7. Fust was soon able to offer Bibles for sale at an eighth of the usual price, and this caused great wonder. Some people said that he had sold his soul to the Evil One, who did the work for him. The first letter of each chapter was printed in red, and foolish people believed that these letters were printed in Fust's blood.

8. Meanwhile Gutenberg, who was now an old man, had to make a fresh start in the world. He was very unlucky, and before long he had to give up printing altogether. A bishop took pity on him and kept him in his house. He died a poor and lonely old man, but not until he had given the world one of its greatest blessings.

9. In the year 1900 most of the German cities held a festival in honour of his birth, which took place five hundred years before. A noble monument has been set up to his memory in his native city.

10. Slowly but surely the art of printing began to spread, and before long there were more than a thousand printing presses at work in most parts of Europe. Many beautiful books were printed and adorned with woodcut pictures. In the next lesson we shall learn how printing came to England.



31. THE FIRST ENGLISH PRINTER.

1. If you had visited Westminster in the year 1844, you might have seen in a poor back street an old tumble-down house of wood and plaster. No doubt you would have thought it a wretched place, not worth a second glance. But I think you would

have looked very carefully at it when you learned that it was the place in which the very first book was printed in the British Isles.

2. Two years before Chaucer's death a boy named William Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent. He was a quiet, thoughtful lad, and he had a great liking for the songs and ballads which the wandering minstrels sang. His father was a farmer, but the boy, as he grew up, had no taste for life in the Kentish fields. He longed to go to the great city of London and become a merchant.



3. His father bound him apprentice to Master Robert Large, one of the chief silk and cloth merchants in London; and, dressed in a flat round cap and a long cloak, he did all sorts of humble tasks in his master's warehouse.

4. Cloth and silk were not then made in England, but were brought from Holland and France.

Many of the London merchants owned ships which went to and fro to these and other countries carrying English wool and bringing back foreign-made goods. Sometimes these ships brought to England spices, drugs, ivory, jewellery, and many other things.

5. In the parcels of goods which came to Master Robert Large from abroad there were some of the precious books which were then being printed on the continent of Europe. Caxton saw these books, and soon became very fond of them. He read them whenever he had the chance, and before long he felt a great desire to make books himself.

6. Caxton spent a busy life in London until he was about thirty years of age. Then his old master died and left him a sum of money. With this money Caxton went abroad and lived for about thirty years, chiefly in Holland and Belgium.

7. He was a very able and shrewd business man, and he became the head of the English wool merchants living in the large town of Bruges, in Belgium. About the year 1471 he gave up business, and took a post in the household of an English princess who had married the ruler of Belgium.

8. Some months before the English princess came to Belgium, Caxton found that he had nothing much to do. To while away the time he sat down and turned a famous French book into English. This French book told stories of Troy, some of which you read in Book I. So many people had read and enjoyed this book in French, that Caxton thought



English people would be sure to like it too, if they could have it in their own tongue.

9. When the book was finished, Caxton wished to have a large number of copies for sale. He found that hand-written copies would cost eight times as much as printed copies. Like the shrewd man that he was, he saw that if he learnt the art of printing, and printed the books himself, he would make a large profit.

10. This was easier said than done. The printers of those days worked in secret, and made their workmen swear an oath not to tell any one how printing was carried on. We do not know how Caxton learnt the art, but we know that he learnt it in Germany, and that it cost him a great deal of money. He printed not only the "Tales of Troy," but several other books as well, and at last he made up his mind to set up a press in England.

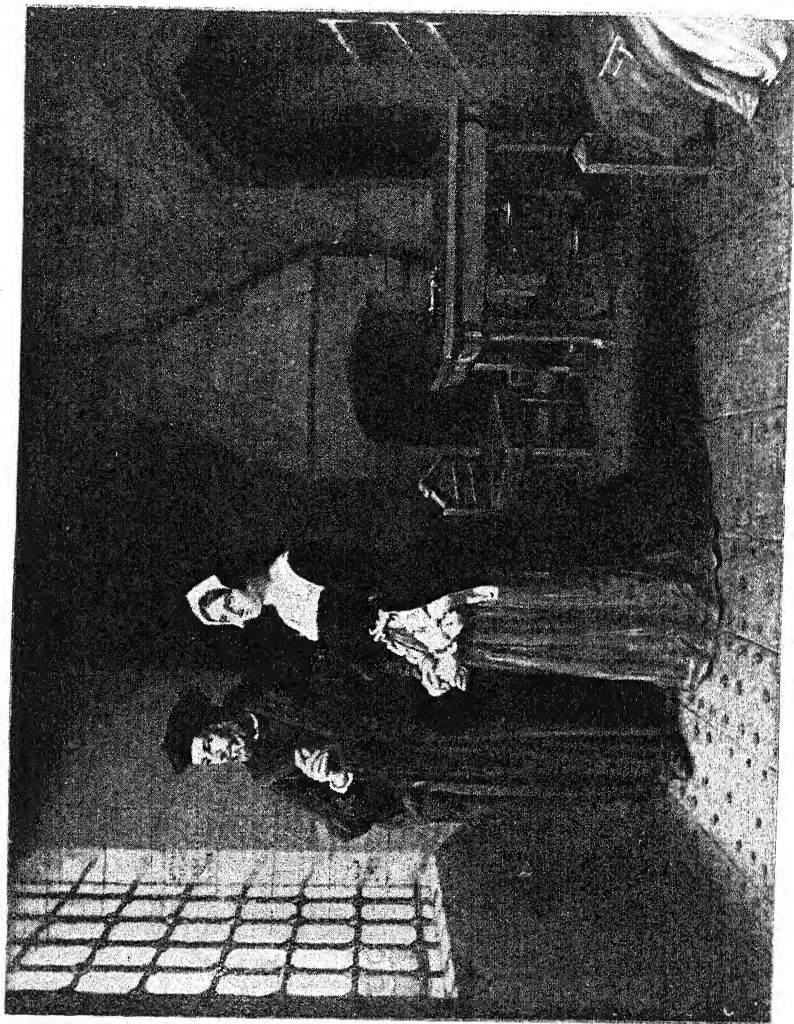
11. You must remember that in England at this time printing was thought to be the work of the evil one. If Caxton opened an office in England, the ignorant crowd might at any moment rush into the place, break the presses, and beat the workmen. Unless he could find some powerful man to protect him, it would not be safe for him to print books in England. The king, however, was Caxton's friend, so he felt no fear.

12. He brought his press and types from Belgium and set them up in a house at Westminster. I told you about this house at the beginning of the lesson. Here, in the year 1477, he printed the first book on English soil. For fifteen years he worked in the old house at Westminster, and he printed in all about a hundred books.

13. At last, when he was nearly eighty years of age, there came a day when the door of the printing office was closed, and the noisy press was silent. William Caxton was dead. His faithful band of printers bore him to his grave in the church of St. Margaret, which stands close to Westminster Abbey. In this church you may now see a fine window which has been set up in his honour.

14. After Caxton's death his fellow-printers carried on his work, and before long printing became common in all parts of the country. Perhaps you would like to see a few lines of the first English book printed in England. You will not be able to read it for yourselves, but you may be able to make out a few words.

For I wote wel, of what someuere condicion Women ben in
Gret. the Women of this contree ben right good, Wyse/ play
fant/ humble/ discrete/ sobre/ chaste/ obedient to their husbon/
dis/ trewe/ secrete/ stedfast/ euer hys/ & neuer yde/ Attempe
rat in speking/ and/ vertuous in alle their werkis. or atte



Sir Thomas More visited by his Daughter in Prison.
(From the picture by J. K. Herbert, R.A., in the National Gallery.)

32. THE STORY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

1. In the year of Caxton's death there was a merry page with dark brown hair and bright blue eyes living in the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was not only a merry boy but a clever boy as well, and all who knew him said that he would grow up to be a wonderful man. His name was Thomas More.



2. At Christmas time the archbishop used to have plays performed in his house. More than once this merry boy sprang in amongst the players and took a part which he made up for himself on the spur of the moment. You may be sure that the archbishop soon noticed his quick-witted page. Some time later he sent the boy to Oxford, that he might receive a good education.

3. You know that at this time all learned men wrote and read and spoke Latin. They knew the books which the great Latin writers of olden times had written, but they knew next to nothing of Greek. Now the old Greek writers were even greater than the old Latin writers.

4. When Thomas More went to Oxford he

found many of the scholars learning Greek and studying the splendid books which the old Greeks had written. This was a great change, and I must tell you in a few words how it came about.

5. If you look at a map of Europe, you will find that Greece is a small country at the end of a peninsula which juts into the Mediterranean Sea. To the east of Greece we find the country of Turkey. Its former capital was Constantinople, one of the oldest and most interesting cities in all the world.

6. When Caxton was a young man Greece was a much bigger country than it is now, and Constantinople was its capital. Twenty-five years before Thomas More was born the Turks made themselves masters of this city. They were a fierce, bloodthirsty race, and the Greek scholars who lived in Constantinople fled from the city when the Turks took it.

7. They fled to Italy, which was then the home of a people who loved learning greatly, and began to teach their noble tongue to the Italians. For the first time the Italian scholars learnt what wonderful books the Greeks of olden days had written. They read these books eagerly, and they were amazed to find in them a new treasure-house of learning.

8. All over Europe scholars began to



study Greek, and before long this "new learning" reached our own land. Englishmen began to read the old Greek books, and also the New Testament in the tongue in which it was first written. They also studied the beautiful buildings and statues which the old Greeks had made, and tried to make buildings and statues just as good. Then they began to search for old books in other tongues, and amongst them they found the Bible in Hebrew.

9. The scholars at Oxford were much stirred up by all this "new learning," and Thomas More drank it in eagerly. He proved himself one of the brightest and best of all the young men at the university. When he left it he became a lawyer, but he was also a writer of books and poems. As a lawyer he had no equal in the land. When he was forty-five years of age he was made Speaker of the House of Commons.

10. Though he had now hard work to do and very grave duties to perform, he was just as merry as ever. He loved to make jokes and play with his children when his day's work was done. No man was fonder of animals, and he had foxes, weasels, monkeys, and dogs in his house. He loved his home, and he was almost adored by his relations and friends.



11. Six years later he was made chancellor—that is, the chief judge of the country. He did justice to all, and he worked so quickly and well that he had sometimes finished his day's work by ten o'clock in the morning. It was said of him:—

“When *More* some time had chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain;
The like will never *more* be seen
Till *More* be there again.”

12. Alas! a few years later the king quarrelled with him, took away his office, and locked him up in the Tower. Here he became very ill, but he was just as cheerful as ever, and worked hard every day. So poor did he become that his wife had to sell her clothes to pay for his food. After a time his books were taken from him. Then he closed the shutters of his cell and spent most of his time in the dark.

13. One morning in the year 1535 this great and good man was led from his prison to Tower Hill. He was going to his death, but he was just as calm as if he were going to breakfast. When he reached the scaffold he said to the governor of the Tower, “I pray thee help me up; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself.” He also spoke a merry word to the headsman, and bade him do his duty fearlessly. Then he laid his good gray head on the block, the axe fell, and all was over.

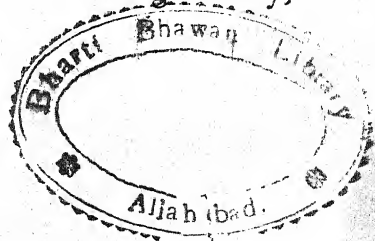
33. NOWHERE.—I.

1. Now I must tell you of a wonderful book which Thomas More wrote when he was thirty years of age. He wrote it in Latin, but it was turned into English sixteen years after his cruel death.

2. When More wrote his book England was a most unhappy land. The king and his nobles wasted the money of the people on useless wars and on their own pleasures. Much of the ploughland in the country had been turned into sheep-walks, and thousands of people were starving.

3. Many of them became beggars and thieves. At that time the punishment for stealing was death, and at every roadside the bodies of men could be seen hanging from gallows. The poor were almost always hungry, and their homes were little better than pigsties. Dreadful plagues swept them off like flies.

4. More was very sad when he saw the wretched state of the country, and he wished to make the king and the rich men do something to improve the lot of the poor. So he wrote a book which told them of a land called Utopia—that is, Nowhere—in which everybody had a chance of being healthy, happy, wise, and good.



5. It was only a tale that he told, but he told it in such a way that he seemed to be speaking of a real country. The story was very interesting, and was so full of wisdom that men read it eagerly and learnt much from it.



6. More tells us at the beginning of his book that he went to Antwerp, where he met an old friend, who made him known to a stranger. This stranger was a sun-burned man with a black beard, and he looked like a sailor.

7. More and the stranger went to the friend's house, and sat on a bench in the garden, where they had a long talk. The stranger told them that he had been a great traveller, and had lived in all parts of the world. The best land that he had ever visited was the island of Utopia.

8. In shape it was like the new moon, and there was a deep cleft in it which formed an inland sea. By means of this sea, trade could be easily carried on between all parts of the country. Besides the inland sea there were also many good havens on the coast.

9. There were many large and fair cities on the island, and no two of them were more than a day's journey on foot from each other. The chief city

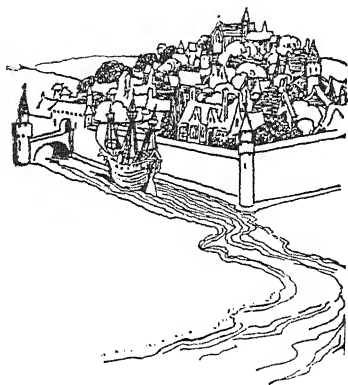
stood in the midst of the island, and to it every year came three wise old men from each of the cities to make the laws of the land.

10. All over the country there were well-built farms. In each of these farmhouses lived forty persons, and all of these persons were under the rule of the good man and the good wife of the house. Over every thirty farms there was a head man. After a person had lived two years on a farm he went to the city, and some one from the city took his place. In this way everybody in the island learned to till the ground.

11. The husbandmen of Utopia ploughed and sowed and reaped, tended the cattle, and cut down wood, which they carried to the nearest city, either by land or by water. They reared large numbers of chickens, not by letting the hens sit on the eggs, but by keeping the eggs warm so that they hatched themselves.

12. More corn was grown and more cattle were reared than the people of the island needed for themselves, and the extra corn and the flesh of the cattle were stored up in the cities either for trade or for a time of scarcity. At harvest time men and women from the cities went to the country to reap and gather in the crops.

34. NOWHERE.—II.



1. All the cities of Utopia were alike: if you knew one of them, you knew all of them. A city of Utopia was foursquare, and stood on the side of a low hill. A broad, fair river, crossed by fine stone bridges, ran by it, and by means of this river ships could sail up to it from the sea.

Fresh, clear water was brought to the city from the head-springs of the river by means of a canal.

2. A high thick wall surrounded each city, and outside the wall there was a ditch. The streets were wide, and the houses were large and fine, with glass windows. Every house had two doors—the one opening to the street, the other to a garden. These doors were never locked, day or night. Every man who wished to do so might live in one of these houses, for nobody in Utopia had anything which he might call his own. All the goods in the land belonged to all the people who dwelt in it. The people set great store by their gardens, which were very beautiful and very fruitful.

3. You already know that every man and woman

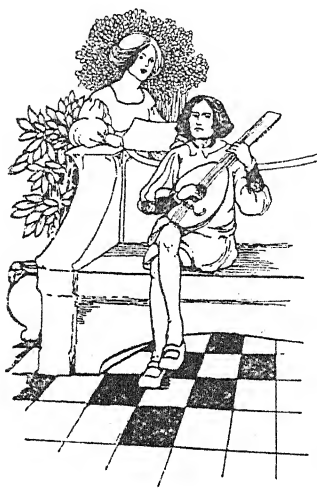
in the country had to learn how to till the ground. They also had to learn another trade, such as making cloth, or building, or working in iron or in wood. Everybody in the country had to work, and the women and the weak did the lighter tasks. Every family made its own clothes. The chief duty of the head man was to see that no one was idle, and that no one worked too hard or too long.

4. The day and the night were divided into twenty-four hours, and six hours of the day were set apart for work. Three hours' work was done before dinner, which was at noon; then came two hours' rest, after which all had to work another three hours. About eight o'clock in the evening all went to bed and slept for eight hours. In their leisure time the Utopians could do as they pleased. Most of the people heard lectures or engaged in some study.

5. After supper one hour was spent in playing in the garden or in the hall where the families dined and supped. There was plenty of music, but no base or foolish games were allowed. The people, we are told, were very fond of playing a kind of chess with living pieces.



6. As a rule, the families in the cities consisted of kindred, and the eldest man in each family was the ruler of it. If a family was too small in numbers, it had to take in some people from outside; and if it was too large, some of its members had to join other families. No city was allowed to have more than six thousand people in it. If there were too many people in one city, some of them were sent to cities that were not full. When necessary, new cities were built.



7. Each city was divided into four parts, and in each part there were barns and storehouses, where goods of all kinds were kept. When the father of a family needed anything for his household, he went to the barn and took what he wanted. He paid no money for it, for the simple reason that the Utopians had no money.

There were hospitals in each part of the town, and in these sick people were lodged and tended.

8. No person took his meals in his own house, but in one of the great halls which were set apart for this purpose. When dinner or supper was ready a brass trumpet was sounded, and the people trooped into the hall and took their places. Boys and girls

waited at table, and each young man sat by the side of an old man.

9. I cannot spare the time to tell you how the people went on journeys to see their friends, or how they traded with other countries. They thought nothing of gold and silver, but a great deal of iron, without which they could not till the ground. When a man disgraced himself they put gold and silver rings in his ears and on his hands, and thus the people learned to despise what we call the precious metals.

10. The people of Utopia had good teachers, and all the children went to school and were well taught. When they grew up they loved learning and rejoiced in books. They thought that hunting and hawking were cruel sports, and they hated warfare. They had very few laws, because laws are made for the wicked, and there were very few wicked people in Utopia.

11. Such was the good and happy land which Thomas More pictured in his wonderful book. There never was such a land, and very likely there never will be. But the story of this fanciful country made the people of More's time think of all that was wrong in their own land and try to set the wrong right.



35. TWILIGHT.

1. The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.
But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.
2. Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.
And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.
3. What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?
And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek?

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

36. THREE NOBLE FRIENDS.

1. Look carefully at the picture on page 139. It shows you a room in an Irish castle during the days of good Queen Bess. Through the window you catch a glimpse of a little river winding its way through the pleasant green fields of County Cork. The castle is known as Kilcolman Castle. If you seek it to-day, you will find it in ruins. Very little more than the tower remains.

2. Two of the most famous Britons who have ever lived are sitting in this room. They are neighbours, and the closest and warmest of friends. Both of them have received large grants of land for their services in fighting against the Irish, and both of them have settled down on these lands, and are now engaged in farming them.

3. Who are these friends? The man sitting in the carved oak chair and leaning his cheek upon his hand is Sir Walter Raleigh, about whom you read in "Highroads of History," Book II. You know that early in his life he won the favour of Queen Elizabeth because of his good looks and pleasant manners. He had even then



proved himself to be a good soldier and a clever gentleman.*

4. In after years he sent ships and men to try to build up a colony in North America. The attempt failed, but the ships brought back with them tobacco and potato plants. Raleigh is now engaged in growing tobacco and potatoes on his Irish estate.



5. He is not only a soldier and a farmer; he is also a scholar and a writer and a lover of poetry. You now see him listening to part of a great poem which his friend has just written. He has had many unhappy days in his life, but to-day is not one of them. All his troubles are forgotten as the noble words flow like sweet music from the lips of his friend.

6. And who is this friend who is reading aloud with his sister by his side? He is Edmund Spenser, one of the greatest of our poets. He, too, is a soldier, but he loves making verses far better than fighting. He has already written a poem which has made him famous. The

poem which he is now reading will make him more famous still.

7. When the reading is over, Raleigh praises the poem in glowing words, and bids Spenser finish it and take it to London to be printed. Then the friends begin to chat about poets and poetry. At once a great sadness comes over them, for they both think of a poet, now dead, whom they both loved deeply and tenderly.

8. Three years before, on an autumn day, this friend had died of a wound in the Netherlands. Almost with his dying breath he did a deed of gracious kindness which will always keep his memory green. A cup of water was brought to him, but he gave it to a dying soldier with these words: "Thy need is greater than mine." The queen wept when she heard of his death, for she said that he was "the jewel of her land."

9. His name was Sir Philip Sidney. He too was a scholar and a writer and a lover of poetry. Edmund Spenser well remembers that he finished the poem which made him famous under the oaks of his friend's beautiful garden in Kent. He and Raleigh recall all sorts of happy memories of the dead poet.

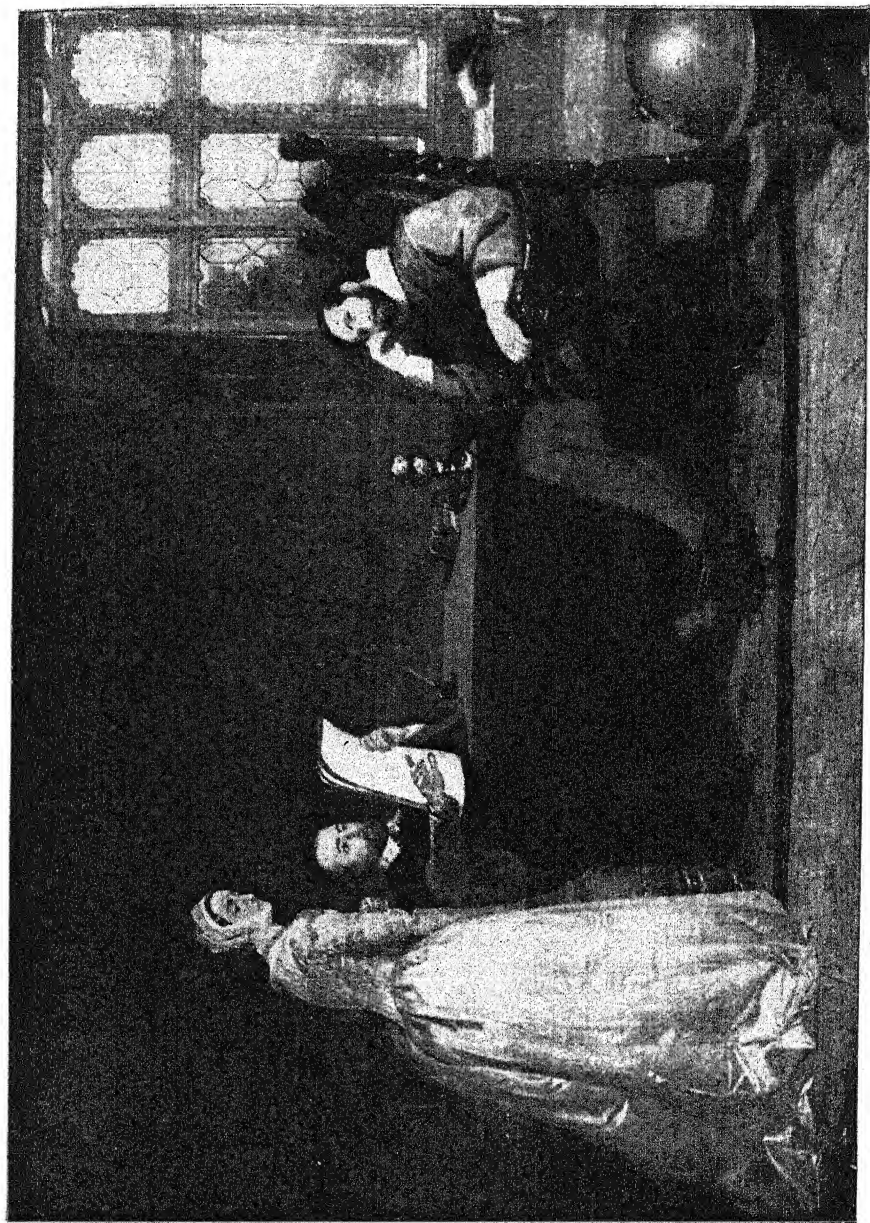
10. So the friends talk on until twilight darkens the room. Then they part—the one to fight the

Spaniard, to make a gallant voyage to the New World, and to perish on the scaffold; the other to win undying fame for the great poem which he has read aloud to-day.

37. SOME SAYINGS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



1. Speaking of the poet he says :—
“He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner.”
2. “I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.”
3. “They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.”
4. “Knitting and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work.”
5. “Scoffing cometh not of wisdom.”
6. “Who shoots at the midday sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a bush.”



Edmund Spenser reading "The Fairy Queen" to Sir Walter Raleigh.
(From the picture by John Claxton. By kind permission of W. Burdett-Coutts, Esq., M.P.)

38. THE JEW OF VENICE.—I.

[The story told in the following old ballad forms the plot of Shakespeare's play, *The Merchant of Venice*.]

1. In Venice town not long ago
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usury,
As Italian writers tell.
2. Gernutus callèd was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.
3. Within that city dwelt that time
A merchant of great fame,
Which being distressèd in his need
Unto Gernutus came,
4. Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve months and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crowns,
And he for it would pay
5. Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
“No,” quoth the Jew, with sneering looks,
“Sir, ask what *you* will have.

6. "No penny for the loan of it
For one year you shall pay ;
You may do me as good a turn,
Before my dying day.

7. "But we will have a merry jest
For to be talkèd long ;
You shall make me a bond,"
 quoth he,
 "That shall be large and
 strong.



8. "And this shall be the forfei-
 ture—
 Of your own flesh a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crowns."

9. "With right good will," the merchant he says,
And so the bond was made.
When twelvemonth and a day drew on
That back it should be paid,

10. The merchant's ships were all at sea,
And money came not in ;
Which way to take or what to do
To think he doth begin.

11. And to Gernutus straight he comes,
 With cap and bended knee,
 And said to him, "Of courtesy,
 I pray you bear with me.

12. "My day is come, and I have not
 The money for to pay,
 And little good the forfeiture
 Will do you, I dare say."

13. "With all my heart," Gernutus said;
 "Command it to your mind,
 In things of bigger weight than this
 You shall me ready find."

14. He goes his way; the day once past,
 Gernutus does not slack
 To get a lawyer presently,
 And clapped him on the
 back,

15. And laid him into prison
 strong
 And sued his bond withal,
 And when the judgment day
 was come,
 For judgment he did call.



39. THE JEW OF VENICE.—II.

1. Some offered for his hundred crowns
Five hundred for to pay ;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did say "Nay."
2. And at the last ten thousand crowns
They offered, him to save ;
Gernutus said, "I will no gold,
My forfeit I will have.
3. "A pound of flesh is my demand,
And that shall be my hire."
Then said the judge, "Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire
4. "To take the flesh from such a place
As yet you let him live ;
Do so, and lo ! an hundred crowns
To thee here will I give."
5. "No, no," quoth he, "no judgment here ;
For this it shall be tried ;
For I will have my pound of flesh
From under his right side."
6. It grievèd all the company
His cruelty to see,
For neither friend nor foe could help
But he must spoilèd be.



7. The cruel Jew now ready is,
With whetted blade in hand,
To spill the blood of innocent
By forfeit of his bond.
8. And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
“Stay,” quoth the judge, “thy cruelty;
I charge thee to do so.
9. “If needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of blood,
Nor yet the man confound.
10. “For if thou do, like murderer
Thou here shalt hangèd be.
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than 'longs to thee.
11. “For if thou take either more or less
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hangèd presently,
As is both law and right.”
12. Gernutus now waxed frantic mad,
And knew not what to say.
Quoth he at last, “Ten thousand crowns
I will that he shall pay;

13. "And so I grant to set him
free."

The judge doth answer
make,—

"You shall not have a
penny given ;
Your forfeiture now take.

14. "Either take your pound
of flesh," quoth he,

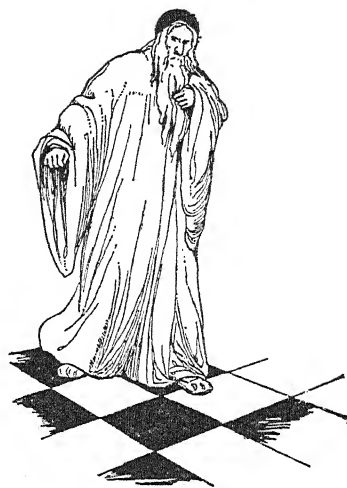
"Or cancel me your
bond."

"O cruel judge," then
quoth the Jew,

"Thou dost against me stand !"

15. And so with angry, grievèd mind
He biddeth them farewell ;

Then all the people praised the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.



40. THE FAIRY QUEEN.

1. The great poem which Edmund Spenser composed is called "The Fairy Queen." It is an allegory. The persons in the poem represent such qualities as Holiness, Truth, Falsehood, and Justice, but they also stand for men and women who were then living.

2. When we read the "Fairy Queen" we care very little about the persons in the poem, or the qualities which they represent. We read the "Fairy Queen" for its sweet and musical verse.

3. Let me tell you the story of Una and the Red Cross Knight, which we find in the first book of the "Fairy Queen." Una stands for snow-white Truth, and the Red Cross Knight represents Holiness. Spenser tells us that long ago in Fairyland there dwelt a great and wise queen called Gloriana. One day a very lovely and gentle maiden named Una came to her court and told her a sad tale.

4. She said she was a king's daughter, and that her father's land was harried by a terrible dragon. The king and queen dared not leave their castle until some brave knight should come and slay the dragon.



5. Una begged the queen to send her best and most trusty knight on this errand. The queen, however, had promised that she would give her next adventure to a young man at her court named George. He was not a knight, and he wore a peasant's dress, but there was something both brave and noble in his bearing.

6. The queen bade George go with Una and slay the dragon. When this was done, he must return to her court and serve her for six years. George gladly agreed to do this, because he and all Gloriana's knights loved nothing better than to obey their beautiful and gracious queen. Then the queen made George a knight, and bade him "God-speed."

7. So now we see him mounted on a white horse, clad in knightly armour, and bearing a silver shield with a blood-red cross on it. By his side rode Una on a little milk-white ass, and along with her went a faithful little dwarf, who was her servant, and a little white lamb, which always followed her. Together they made their way towards Una's country, but they had not gone far before their adventures began.



8. Suddenly the noonday sun grew dark, and great black clouds filled the sky. Then the rain began to fall in torrents. The travellers hurried towards a wood for shelter. It was a beautiful place, full of flowers and singing birds, and the knight and the lady were charmed with it. They wandered on and on, and at last discovered that they had lost their way.

9. At length they saw a well-worn path, which they followed until they reached the mouth of a large cave. Then the Red Cross Knight dismounted, gave his spear to the dwarf, and, drawing his sword, prepared to enter the cave alone. At this Una was full of terror, for she suddenly remembered that the cave was the abode of a horrible and fierce monster named Error.

10. She begged the knight to flee from the place, but he knew no fear, and, after soothing her with gentle words, boldly entered the cave. His shining armour lighted up the darkness, and he saw on the floor of the den an enormous snake. It was terrible to behold, and its huge coils almost filled the cave.

11. When the snake saw the knight, it rushed forward with its great tail raised above its head; but when the knight's shining armour gleamed in its eyes, it drew back and tried to slink into the darkness which it loved.

12. The knight, however, attacked it with his sword, and suddenly the monster coiled itself about him so that he could not move. Then, indeed, the knight was afraid, but Una cried to him to fear not, but to grapple with his foe. Cheered by her words, he freed one hand, and with a mighty effort tore the monster's head from its body.



St. George and Una.

(From the picture by Sir John Gilbert, R.A. By permission of the Corporation of London.)

13. Thus the new knight conquered his first foe, and Una, who was very proud of him, gave him sweet words of praise and cheer. Then he and the maid left the dark wood, and once more rode across the open plain.

41. THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND FALSEHOOD.

1. Towards evening they saw a very old man coming towards them. His gray beard swept down to his waist; he wore a black robe, and his feet were bare. He seemed to be a holy man, for his lips moved as if in prayer.

2. Una and her knight rode up to the old man, who told them that an evildoer lived hard by, and that he had laid waste the whole countryside. He begged the knight to seek out this evildoer and to slay him at once, but Una would not agree to this. She said that the knight was weary and needed rest, so the old man led them to his dwelling, where they could sleep for the night.

3. He set meat before them, and told them many stories of the saints to while away the evening. At last they lay down to sleep, and then the old man threw off his beard and his robe, and took his own form. He was a magician named

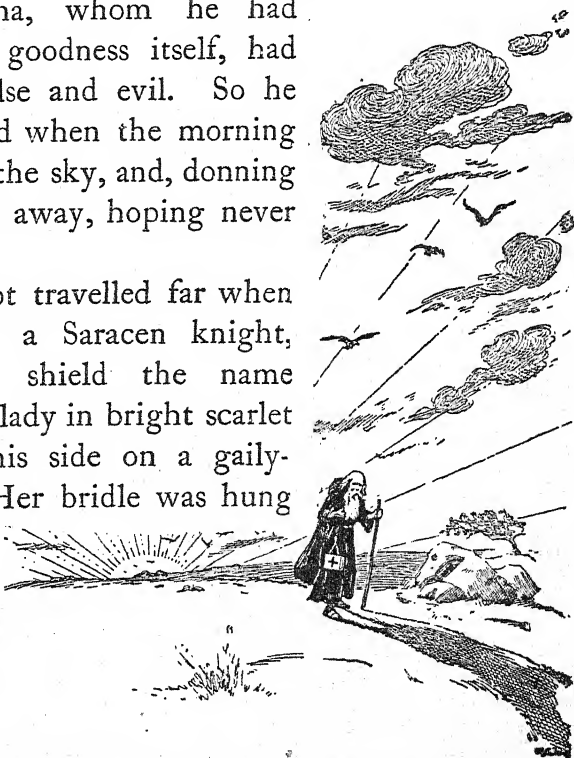
Regent

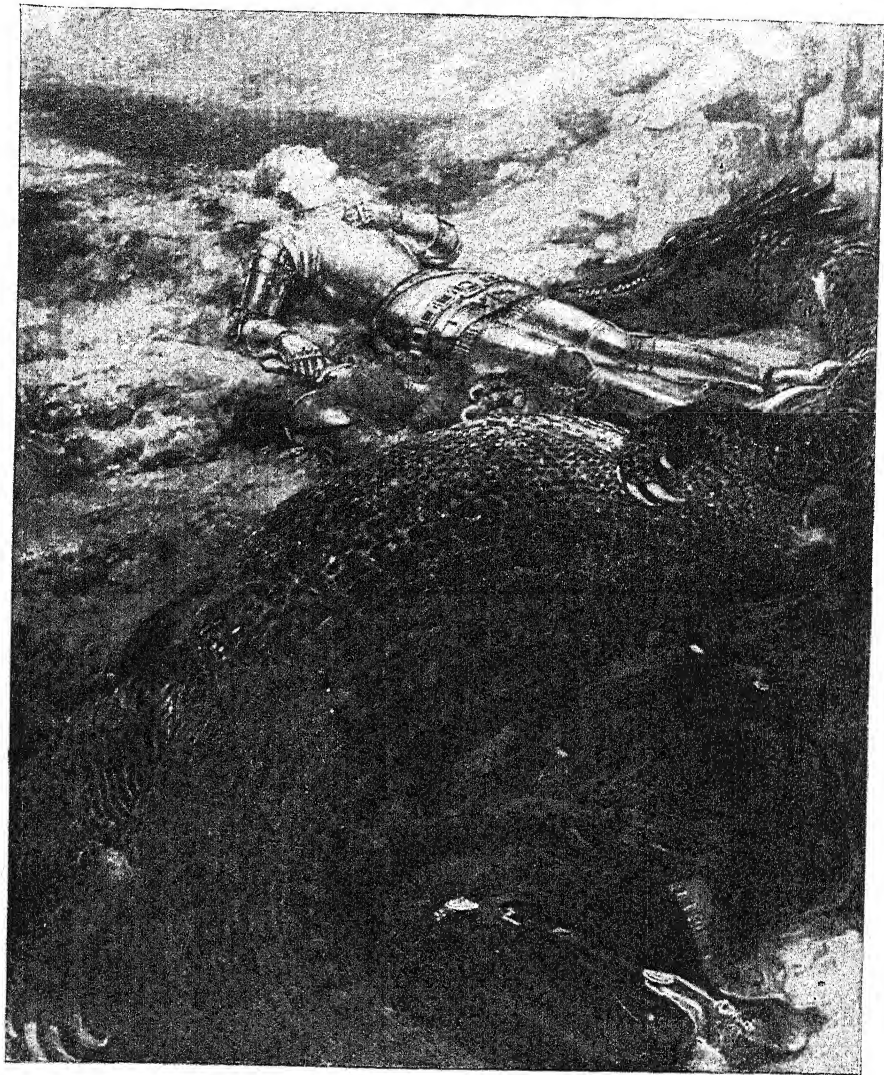
Archimago, and he had put on the dress of a holy man in order to beguile the travellers and get them into his power.

4. Archimago knew that Una and the knight together would be able to destroy him, so his first thought was how he might separate them. He called his evil spirits, and bade one of them take the exact form of Una, and appear to the knight in a dream as a bad, wicked woman.

5. The knight was very sad at heart when he found that Una, whom he had thought to be goodness itself, had proved to be false and evil. So he rose from his bed when the morning star appeared in the sky, and, donning his armour, rode away, hoping never to see her again.

6. He had not travelled far when he fell in with a Saracen knight, bearing on his shield the name "Faithless." A lady in bright scarlet robes rode by his side on a gaily-decked pony. Her bridle was hung with bells, which rang merrily as she cantered along.





St. George and the Dragon.

(From the picture by Briton Riviere, R.A. By kind permission of the painter.)

[See page 171.]

7. The Red Cross Knight and the Saracen couched their spears and rushed at each other, but neither of them was unhorsed. Then they drew their swords, and blows fell thick and fast. The armour of the knight easily warded off the sword of the Saracen, and after a short, sharp fight his foe fell dead upon the ground. The knight then took the fallen warrior's shield, and bade the dwarf carry it for him.

8. When the lady saw that the Saracen was defeated, she began to weep bitterly, and galloped away as though she were afraid of the knight. He followed hard after her, and when he caught her up she begged him to spare her. As the knight looked at her he thought her very beautiful in her rich scarlet robes and sparkling jewels. So he bade her be of good cheer, and after a while she told him her story.

9. She said that she was a princess, and that the knight who was to marry her had been slain. His dead body could not be found, so she had gone in search of it. After much wandering she met the Saracen, who was the eldest of three brothers. His name was Faithless, and the names of the other two were Lawless and Joyless. "My



own name," she said, "is Faith; and now, Sir Knight, you know the whole of my sad story."

10. The knight said that he would be her faithful friend, and begged her to travel with him. Then the two rode onward, and at midday they sought shelter in the cool shadow of two tall trees. By this time the knight had fallen in love with Faith, and he thought that he would make a garland of green leaves for her fair forehead.

11. He tore off a little branch from one of the trees, and at once heard a pitiful crying, and a voice begging him to hold his hand. It was the tree that was speaking, and it cried out that it was no tree at all, but a knight. He and his lady had been changed into trees by a wicked witch named Falsehood, and they were forced to remain in that shape until the spell should be broken.

12. When the Red Cross Knight heard the story of the trees he turned to Faith, and found her nearly fainting with fright. Little did he guess why she was so full of fear. She was indeed the wicked witch Falsehood who had changed the knight and his lady into trees. She was terrified lest the trees should recognize her and tell her companion who she really was.

13. The trees, however, did not know her in her scarlet dress, and the Red Cross Knight spoke

many loving words to her. Then he set her on her steed, and they continued their journey. Alas! he was now in evil company, and every step took him farther and farther away from the sweet Lady Una whom he had vowed to serve.

42. THE PALACE OF PRIDE.

1. As night drew on the travellers saw before them a glittering palace lifting its walls and towers to the evening sky. Falsehood—for we will now call her by her right name—said that she was weary, and begged the knight to seek shelter in the palace. To this he agreed, and together they made their way to the entrance.



2. The great doors were standing open, so the knight and Falsehood passed in at once, and soon found themselves in a splendid hall crowded with courtiers and fair ladies. At one end of the hall the Queen of Pride sat on a golden throne. She was very scornful and vain, and she carried a mirror in which she often gazed at herself. At her feet lay a hideous dragon.

3. Soon after the knight and Falsehood arrived, the Queen called for her coach so that she might take the air. Her six attendants mounted their steeds, which were harnessed to the coach. Strange to say, each of these attendants was mounted on a different animal.

4. First came Idleness, clad in black and riding an ass. Then followed Gluttony, a huge fat man who bestrode a pig. After him came False Love dressed in green and riding a goat. The other three attendants were Greed, Envy, and Wrath. Greed was in rags, and was mounted on a camel loaded with bags of gold. Envy was seated on a wolf, and clasped a deadly snake to his bosom; while Wrath rode a lion, and bore a burning brand in his hand.

5. When the knight saw these foul creatures, he knew that he was in bad company, so he refused to go with the queen. Falsehood, however, gladly went with her and left the knight in the palace.

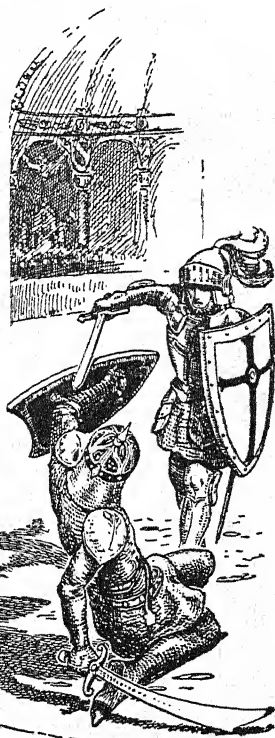
6. While the queen and Falsehood were away a Saracen arrived. His name was Joyless, and he was the younger brother of Faithless, whom the Red Cross Knight had overthrown. As he strode into the palace he saw the dwarf carrying his brother's shield, and at once tore it from the little man's grasp. Then the Red Cross Knight sprang at

the Saracen and strove to take the shield from him.

7. At this moment the queen and Falsehood returned to the palace. The queen was very angry when she saw the knights struggling, and bade them cease. "To-morrow," she cried, "there shall be a tourney, and you shall then fight out your quarrel." So the knights parted and made ready for the tourney on the morrow.

8. Falsehood knew that the shield and armour of the Red Cross Knight would protect him, and that unless she used magic, Joyless would be overcome. She therefore thought of a plan by which Joyless could be saved. What that plan was you will soon learn.

9. In the night she went to Joyless and told him a lying tale, so as to rouse his anger against the Red Cross Knight. She said that she loved his brother Faithless, and that the Red Cross Knight had stolen her away from him. Then Joyless



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was filled with anger and swore to kill his foe on the morrow.

10. Next day the tourney took place on a field near the palace. At the sound of a trumpet the knights rushed upon each other and fought fiercely. Both of them were wounded, but the Red Cross Knight struck down his foe and then lifted his sword to slay him.

11. At this moment Falsehood by her magic arts caused a dark cloud to rise up suddenly and hide Joyless from view. The Red Cross Knight went to and fro seeking his enemy, but in vain. At last the queen declared him the victor, and the whole party went back to the palace, where a great feast was held and the knight was laid upon a bed. His wounds were dressed, and sweet music was played to comfort him in his sufferings.

43. THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND THE
GIANT.

1. Falsehood watched by the couch of the Red Cross Knight until nightfall. Then when none could see her, she crept to the spot where Joyless lay hidden under the thick cloud. She found him sore wounded, and at once set out to seek help for him.

2. She hastened to the abode of a witch named Night, who was the aunt of Joyless, and found her wrapped in dark robes and about to mount her iron chariot, which was drawn by four coal-black steeds. When Night knew that Falsehood was one of her kindred, she bade her enter the chariot and go with her to the place where Joyless lay hidden.

3. Night and Falsehood dressed the Saracen's wounds, and as they worked watch-dogs barked, hungry wolves howled, and the screech-owl uttered its wild, shrill note. Then they lifted him into the chariot and drove him off to the underworld, where his wounds were healed.

4. When this was done, Falsehood returned to the Palace of Pride and found, to her dismay, that the Red Cross Knight had departed, no one knew whither. His faithful dwarf had told him what a foul place the palace was. He had discovered that underneath it there was a deep dungeon filled with the captives who had been thrown into it by the wicked Queen of Pride.

5. When the Red Cross Knight heard this he was filled with horror, and though he was hardly fit to



move, he made up his mind that he would leave the place as soon as possible. So one morning before the sun was up he secretly left the castle.

6. The dwarf brought him his horse, and together they took the road once more. The spell which Falsehood had woven about him was now gone, and he saw that the palace was not built of gold, but was a common, mean place covered with tinsel. It was loosely built of bricks without any cement, and was really very unsafe. He also saw the bodies of the men and women whom the Queen of Pride had murdered, and he was full of thanks that he had escaped their fate.

7. When Falsehood found that the knight had gone, she followed him, and before long found him resting by the side of a fountain with the armour in which he trusted lying by his side. She chided him gently for leaving her, and smiled so sweetly that he was soon her friend again. Then she used her magic arts on him once more.

8. A cool, refreshing stream flowed from the fountain and wandered on through a beautiful glade. For some time the knight paid no heed to the stream, but at length he stooped and



drank a long draught of the clear water. No sooner had he done this than he felt a deadly chill. His strength left him, and he was very weak and faint.

9. While he was in this condition he heard a loud bellowing and felt the earth tremble. He knew that danger was at hand, and springing up, tried to don his armour. Before he could do so a huge giant stood before him. The monster was so big that he seemed almost to reach to the sky. His name was Sin.

10. The knight would gladly have fought with Sin, but, alas! he was too weak to do so. The giant struck at him with his club, and though he did not hit him, the wind which the club raised threw him to the ground.

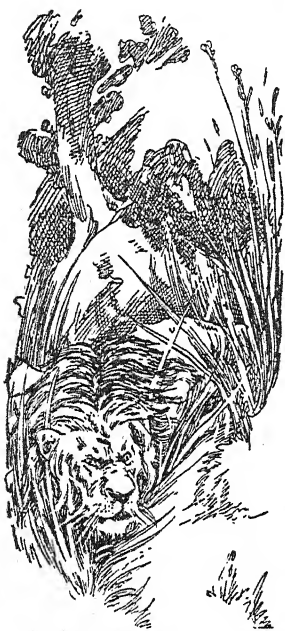
11. He was now at the giant's mercy, and would certainly have been killed, had not Falsehood called out, "O Sin, spare him for my sake. Do not kill him, but carry him to your castle and make him your slave for life."

12. The giant knew Falsehood well, so he was quite ready to do her a favour. He carried off the knight to his dungeon, and shut him up as a hopeless prisoner.

13. The faithful dwarf, who was watching the knight's armour and shield, was now left alone with his master's steed. He was very sorrowful at the sad

fate which had befallen the knight, and at once set out to seek aid for him. How he found it and how his master was set free we shall learn in a later lesson.

44. UNA AND THE LION.



1. Now I must tell you what befell Una when she was deserted by the knight in whom she had placed all her trust. You may be sure that she was full of sorrow and distress, for she was all alone in a strange wild country.

2. She mounted her milk-white ass and rode on through lonely woods and plains seeking her knight. At nightfall she unbound her golden hair and lay down at the foot of a tree. She had scarcely closed her eyes when a great lion with blazing eyes and open jaws came out of a thicket. When he saw the maiden he sprang forward as if to seize her, but suddenly a most wondrous change came over him.

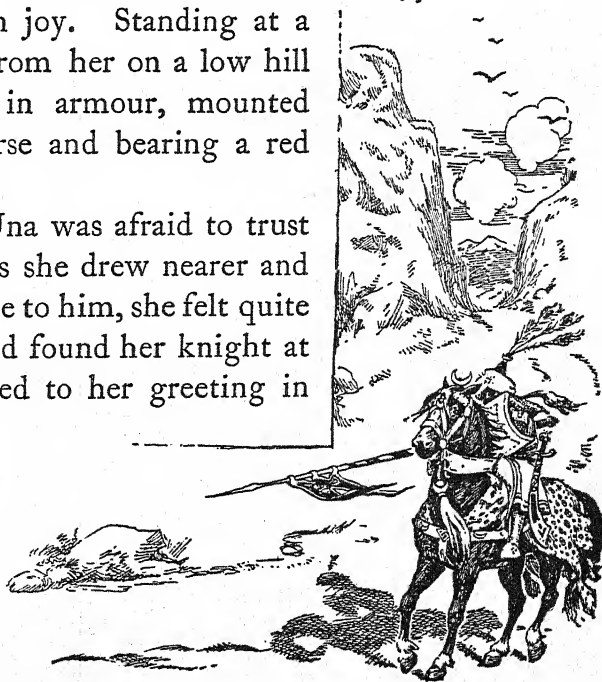
3. At the sight of the lovely maiden all his fierceness left him, and instead of springing upon

her and tearing her to pieces, he crept softly to her side and licked her feet and hands. He seemed to pity her, and to be trying to show her that he would guard her from all danger.

4. So when Una started off again in search of her knight the lion walked by her side and obeyed her commands. While she slept he kept watch, and Una was no longer afraid.

5. I cannot tell you all the maiden's adventures, but I must tell you of a cruel trick that was played upon her by the magician Archimago. One morning she saw a sight which made her heart leap with joy. Standing at a little distance from her on a low hill was a knight in armour, mounted on a white horse and bearing a red cross shield.

6. At first Una was afraid to trust her eyes, but as she drew nearer and nearer and spoke to him, she felt quite sure that she had found her knight at last. He replied to her greeting in loving words, and explained that he had left her because he had

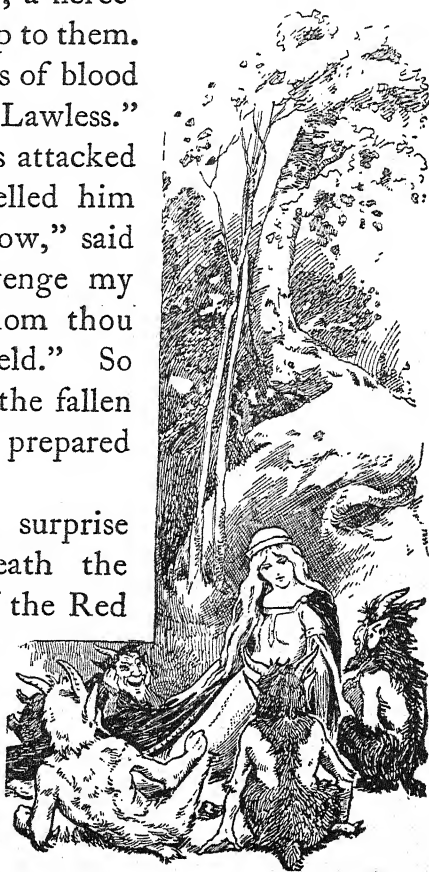


been sent to punish a wicked man in a far-off land. He begged her forgiveness, and vowed that he would serve her faithfully for the future.

7. On hearing this all Una's sorrow departed, and she was happy once more. The knight also seemed to be happy, and the pair rode slowly onwards, speaking many pleasant words to each other. Before long, however, a fierce-looking knight rode up to them. On his shield in letters of blood they saw his name, "Lawless."

8. At once Lawless attacked Una's knight, and felled him to the ground. "Now," said Lawless, "I will revenge my brother Faithless, whom thou hast robbed of his shield." So saying, he unfastened the fallen knight's helmet and prepared to slay him.

9. Imagine Una's surprise when she saw beneath the helmet not the face of the Red Cross Knight, but that of Archimago the magician. She now knew that a wicked trick



had been played on her. At once she turned and fled.

10. The Saracen ran after her, and seizing her, began to pluck her from her ass. At this, the lion sprang upon him; but Lawless couched his spear, and the faithful creature fell dead upon the ground.

11. Then Lawless seized Una in his arms and bore her away to a lonely forest, where he thought that her cries for help could not be heard. The little wild men of the woods, however, heard her, and came hurrying towards her. At the sight of them Lawless fled in terror, and Una found herself in the midst of the strangest little people whom she had ever seen.

12. The little folks of the wood were very kind to her, and she dwelt among them for many a day. They were very unwilling to let her go, but she managed to escape from them at last, and once more set out in quest of her long-lost knight.

45. PRINCE ARTHUR TO THE RESCUE.

1. Una had not gone far before she saw a sight which filled her with grief. You will remember that when the Red Cross Knight was carried off by the giant, his faithful dwarf set out in search of help. Una now saw him coming towards her

leading the knight's charger. On its back were his armour and shield.

2. When Una saw this she felt sure that her knight had been slain, and so overcome was she by this thought that she fell fainting to the ground. The dwarf chafed her hands and rubbed her temples until signs of life began to appear. When Una was once more herself, he told her the sad story of the knight's capture by the giant.



3. When she knew that her knight was not dead, but was a prisoner in the hands of the giant Sin, she rejoiced that there was still hope of his release. She mounted her steed and rode on by the side of the dwarf to seek help for him.

4. One day she saw before her Prince Arthur himself. He was the most gallant knight in all the world. His armour shone like sunlight, and he carried his magic sword and shield with him. A trusty squire rode by his side. As soon as Arthur saw Una he spoke to her kindly, and asked her to tell him why she wandered in the wilderness with no attendant but the dwarf.

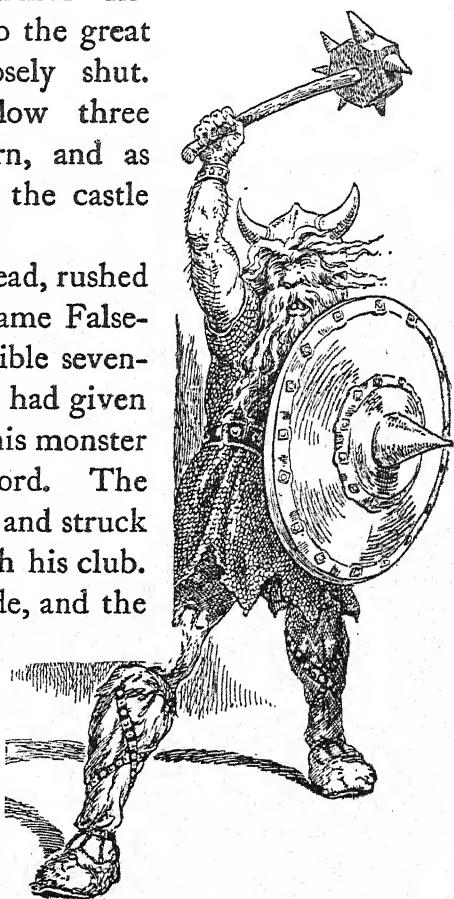
5. Then Una told him the whole of her sorrowful

story, and begged him to go with her to the Castle of Sin and release the prisoner. "Be of good cheer, and take comfort," said he; "I will not leave your side until I have set free your captive knight."

6. Then Una and Prince Arthur, led by the dwarf, journeyed to the castle. When they reached the entrance, Prince Arthur dismounted and went up to the great gates, which were closely shut. He bade his squire blow three blasts on his magic horn, and as he did so every door in the castle flew open.

7. The giant, full of dread, rushed forth, and behind him came Falsehood mounted on a horrible seven-headed monster which he had given to her. At the sight of this monster the prince drew his sword. The giant rushed towards him and struck a mighty blow at him with his club. Arthur sprang lightly aside, and the head of the club buried itself in the ground.

8. While the giant was trying to free his club, Arthur smote off

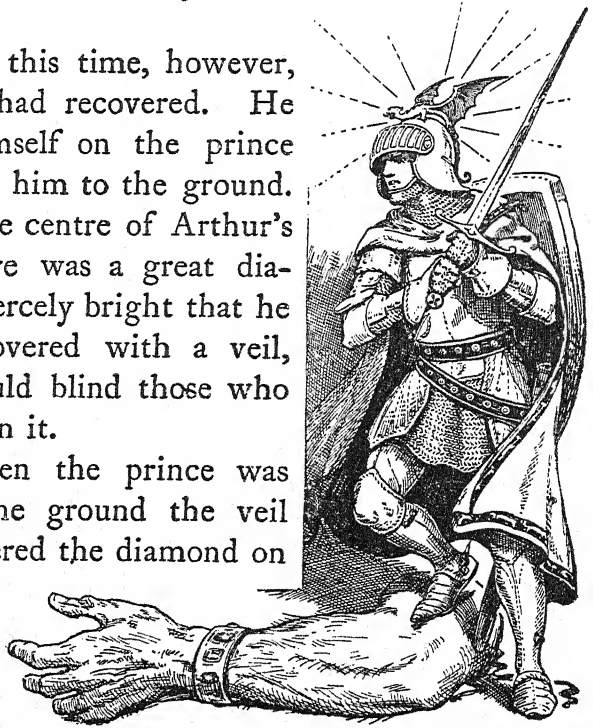


his arm with a swift stroke of his sword. Upon this the giant bellowed so loudly that Falsehood urged her strange charger against the prince. At once Arthur's squire sprang between the monster and his master.

9. In her hand Falsehood carried a gold cup filled with poison. This she threw over the squire, and he fell senseless to the ground. Then the prince attacked the monster and cut off one of its seven heads. Falsehood was flung to the ground, and the monster roared loudly with pain.

10. By this time, however, the giant had recovered. He hurled himself on the prince and dashed him to the ground. Now in the centre of Arthur's shield there was a great diamond so fiercely bright that he kept it covered with a veil, lest it should blind those who looked upon it.

11. When the prince was flung to the ground the veil which covered the diamond on his shield fell off, and



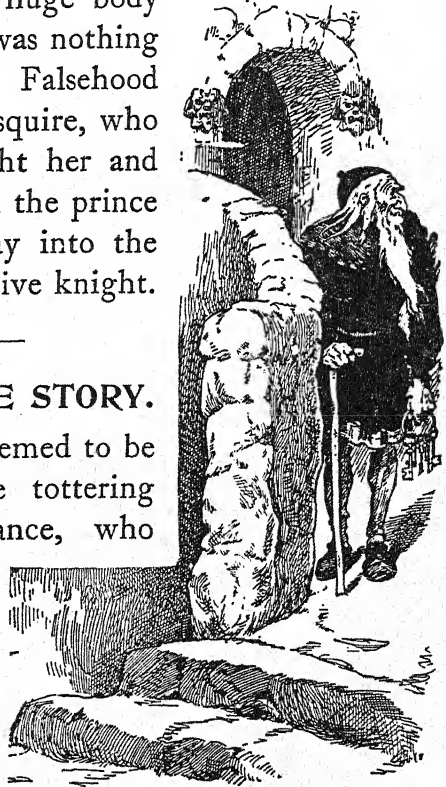
the great stone flashed forth its dazzling beams, so that the monster became stone blind.

12. The giant again attacked the prince, but the piercing rays of the diamond robbed him of his strength, and he swayed as though about to fall. Then the prince sprang to his feet and cut off the giant's left leg. Down he crashed to the ground like a great tree felled by the woodman's axe.

13. Then the prince cut off the giant's head, and, strange to say, the huge body began to shrink until it was nothing but an empty bladder. Falsehood tried to escape, but the squire, who had now recovered, caught her and brought her back. Then the prince and Una made their way into the castle to seek for the captive knight.

46. THE END OF THE STORY.

1. The whole castle seemed to be deserted, except for one tottering old man named Ignorance, who proved to be the giant's foster-father and the keeper of the castle keys. The prince closely ques-



tioned him, but his only answer was, "I cannot tell; I cannot tell."

2. Then Arthur took the keys from the old man's hand and opened the inner doors of the castle. The walls were covered with rich needlework and fine gold, but the floor was thick with dust. The prince strode from room to room, and at last came to an iron door with a small grating. There was no key in the bunch which would fit the lock.

3. As he smote on the door he heard a faint voice within. With a mighty push he burst the door open, and nearly fell headlong into a deep hole on the other side. At the bottom of this hole, in darkness and in the midst of every kind of foulness, lay the Red Cross Knight.

4. Prince Arthur lowered himself into the hole, and with great toil brought the knight to the surface. Alas! his eyes were sunken and his limbs were so feeble that he could scarcely stand. Una flew to his side and began to comfort him.

5. Then the prince turned to Falsehood, and ordered his squire to strip her of her scarlet robe and her false hair and her jewels. Then it was seen that she was nothing but a foul, misshapen witch. One of her feet was like a huge claw, and the other like a bear's foot; her skin was withered and hard, and she had a tail like a fox.

6. Now that she was discovered, Falsehood fled from the light of heaven and sought refuge in the secret caves of a wild, desolate land. Here she thought that she would be hidden from the gaze of men.

7. After all their labours and sufferings Una and the two knights rested in the deserted castle. Soon the Red Cross Knight recovered some of his strength, and Prince Arthur left them with many words of love and goodwill.

8. Then Una and her knight, attended by the faithful dwarf, took the road once more. I cannot now tell you all their adventures. Before long the knight fell in with an old man named Despair, who begged him to give up his quest and seek repose. He made a long speech to the knight, and ended thus:—

“Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please.”

9. The knight was so feeble that he listened to the craven words of Despair, and said he would die rather than go on fighting. He took a dagger from the old man, and was about to kill himself when Una seized his hand and begged him not to be a faint-hearted knight. She pleaded



hard with him, and at last persuaded him to fly from Despair.

10. This adventure showed Una that her knight was still weak, and that before he could meet the dragon he must be fully healed. So she led him to a beautiful, peaceful house, where three maidens named Faith, Hope, and Charity, and a skilful doctor named Patience attended him. Slowly but surely he regained his full strength, and once more set out on his quest.



11. On the way an old man met him and told him that he was the son of a British king, and that, in after days, he would become the guardian saint of his native land, and be known to all future ages as St. George of Merrie England.

12. In due time the knight met the dragon, which was fiercer and more horrible than anything that he had yet seen. He fought the dragon bravely for a whole day, but at length, torn and bleeding, he was stricken to the ground. Happily he fell into an ancient spring, which healed him of his wounds.

13. Poor Una had watched the battle from a hill, and had spent the day in prayer for her beloved knight. When she saw him fall, her heart was like

lead within her. You can imagine her joy and relief when, next morning, she saw the knight rise from the spring as fresh and strong as he had been the day before. Once more he attacked the dragon, but once more he was overcome and lay senseless at the foot of a tree.

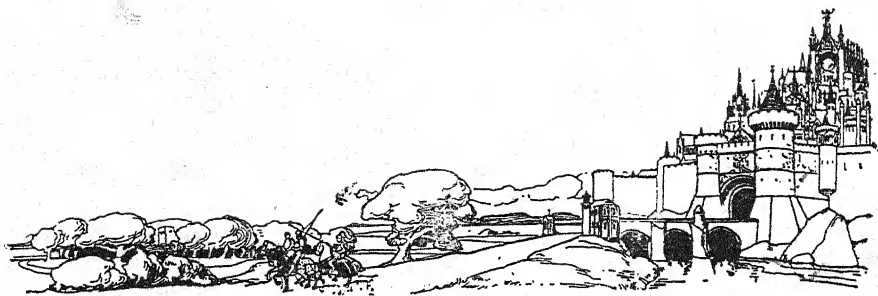
14. Through the long night Una watched and prayed for her knight, and at morning light she was again filled with joy. A healing balm had trickled from the tree by which the knight had fallen, and had restored him to life and strength. Next day he once more advanced against the dragon, and this time slew it.

15. Then Una and the knight hastened to the castle where her father and mother lived. A great welcome awaited them. All the people of the land came out to greet the victor with loud shouts of joy. A noble feast was held, and next day Una and the Red Cross Knight were married.

16. In the midst of their happiness the knight did not forget his promise to return to the Fairy Queen when he had slain the dragon. So after a



short time he bade farewell to Una and sped to the court of Gloriana, whom he served faithfully for six long years. At length his toils were over, and he returned to his beloved wife and lived happily with her to the end of his days.



EXERCISES.

(To be worked under the direction of the teacher.)

LESSON 1.

1. Study the coloured picture forming the frontispiece, and answer the following questions in sentences :—

What does this picture show you? (a procession of children in fancy dress). Who leads the way? Who follows? What do you know about the trumpeters? What do you know about the drummer and the cymbal-player? Who bring up the rear? What are they doing? Why does this picture please you?

2. Put the following words into sentences: destroyed, guarded, column, solemn, explorers, memorials, deem, despair, monuments, decay.

3. Tell in your own words the story of the little picture on page 9.

4. Divide each of the following sentences into two parts, the subject and the predicate :—

The boy broke the window. Spring has come. Am I wanted? We are merry maidens. How are you? Home they brought her warrior dead.

LESSON 2.

1. Write ten sentences on Westminster Abbey.

2. Put the following words into sentences: altar, despised, reasons, conquered, sailors, ideas, borrowed, poem, poetry.

3. Make an outline drawing of the little picture on page 14.

4. Make sentences containing the following verbs: want, will see, wrote, conquered, learned, had been growing, came.

LESSON 3.

1. Write ten sentences about the picture on page 16.
2. Put the following words into sentences: hate, wrought, blithe, envies, doffed, quoth, mealy, boast.
3. Write out the story of this poem in your own words.
4. Such words as *seeing*, *running*, *swimming*, *playing* look something like verbs, but they are *not* really verbs. Note the following:—

The man *seeing* the house.

The boy *running* away.

The frog *swimming* in the pool.

The girl *playing* in the garden.

These are not sentences. They have subjects but no predicates, for every predicate must contain a verb, and the words above ending in *ing* are not really verbs. They may be turned into verbs, however, by putting either *is*, *are*, *was*, *were*, or *will be* before them. Make verbs of *seeing*, *running*, *swimming*, and *playing* by putting *is*, *was*, *were*, *will be* before them; then put each verb into a sentence.

LESSON 4.

1. Study the coloured picture on page 19, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

Where is the scene of this picture laid? What do you notice about the houses? Of what are they built? How do you know that the picture represents a day of rejoicing? What is taking place? What are the girls doing?

2. Put the following words into sentences: garlands, streamers, citizens, victory, forehead, clever, steeples, pouches, captive, ransoms, idol, business.

3. Copy the little picture of an archer on page 20.

4. Write out the following sentences in straightforward prose:—

Then rose the sun, and on his head
 Its golden beams in glory shed.
 Around he gazed with wistful eye,
 But not a friend could he espy.
 Forsaken was he in his need;
 Alone remained his trusty steed.

LESSON 5.

1. Look carefully at the picture on page 22, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

In what country is this scene laid? What do you see in the background? What do you see in the foreground? Under the shelter of what tree are they sitting? How many ladies are there in the picture? What do you know about the dress of the story-teller? How many gentlemen are there in the picture? What do you know about the dress of the gentleman standing by the story-teller? How do you know that the story is interesting? Who wrote the story which is being told? What are the servants doing?

2. Put the following words into sentences: breeches, errands, manage, rearguard, sodden, provisions, captors, pension, journey, laurel, studied, receiving.

3. Try to copy the drawing on page 24.

4. You often hear people say, "He is older than *me*." This is wrong. What is really meant is, He is older than I (am). There are two sentences in this statement, *He is older* and *I am*. These sentences are linked together by *than*. Now *me* cannot be the subject of a sentence. We must therefore write I in place of *me*. Correct the following:—

William is stronger than us. Mary is prettier than her. Jack is taller than him. We are richer than them.

LESSON 6.

1. Write six sentences about the portrait of Chaucer on page 27.

2. Put the following words into sentences: quarrelled, favour, favourite, absent, present, distress, debt, staunch, doubled, hedge, rows, daisy, mead, affection.

3. Try to copy the little picture of Chaucer on page 28.

4. Copy out the verbs in the verse on page 28.

LESSON 7.

1. Study the coloured plate on page 31, and write ten sentences about it.

2. Put the following words into sentences: company, visitors,

intended, cathedral, shrine, jaunt, pilgrims, journey, guests, decide, excellent, retired, important.

3. Copy the little drawing of a part of the Tabard Inn (page 29).

4. Look at this sentence : I made a box.

Write out six words to go before box, each telling you what kind of a box it is. Words which are added to nouns to point them out, or to describe them more fully, are called *adjectives*.

LESSON 8.

1. Study the coloured picture on page 34, and answer the following questions in sentences :—

Where is this scene laid? Who are the children? How is it that they are all alone in the forest? What do you know about the boy? What do you know about the girl? What will be the end of these little ones?

2. Put the following words into sentences : ponder, parents, doleful, account, surmount, possessed, mould, perfect, marriage, controlled, recommend, bespake, misery, prosper.

3. Copy the drawing of the father on page 33.

4. Write out all the *adjectives* in this lesson.

LESSON 9.

1. Tell the story of the Babes in the Wood in your own words.

2. Put the following words into sentences : devise, ruffians, furious, artful, rejoicing, prate, prattle, relent, repent, wretch, unfrequented, quake, straightway, complain, besmeared, dyed, innocents, relief, piously.

3. Write out the pairs of rhymes in the first two verses.

4. Write down the names of six things in your classroom, and then put two adjectives before each name.

LESSON 10.

1. Write five sentences about the knight.

2. Put the following words into sentences : ambling, conditions, describes, courtly, doublet, services, honour, gracious, pictures, yeoman, forester, ploughman, charity, lawyer, merchant, scholar, weaver, journeys, stare, staring.

3. Try to copy the little picture of the Wife of Bath on page 41.
4. Put suitable adjectives in the following blank spaces :—
We passed ~~the~~ carts on the — road. The — boy has lost his — pencil. The — wind blew down — trees. John lives in the — house in the — street. This is the — day of the week, the — of the month, and the — of the year.

LESSON 11.

1. Study the picture on page 43, and answer the following questions in sentences :—

Who is the chief figure in this picture? What is he doing? Who is his chief hearer? What do you know about him? Who are the other people? Can you see any of them who are not interested? What can you tell me about them?

2. Put the following words into sentences : reigned, subdued, Amazons, avenge, captured, widowed, gloomy, dreary, custom, imprisoned, bemoaning, jesting, traitor, quarrel.

3. Make a little drawing of the tower with Palamon at the window (page 47).

4. Write ten words which mean divisions of time (as *minute*).

LESSON 12.

1. Write ten sentences about the coloured picture on page 46.

2. What do you know about May Day?

3. Put the following words into sentences : condition, returned, prisoner, fortune, compel, solitary, mourn, couch, mirror, recognize, labourer, disguised, captivity, perish, decide.

4. Look at these two adjectives : *heavy*, *heavier*. Heavier shows a higher degree of heaviness than heavy. Add *er* to the following adjectives : easy, steady, happy, dry, merry. Be sure to change the *y* into *i* before adding *er*.

LESSON 13.

1. Tell in your own words the story of how Arcite met his death.

2. Put the following words into sentences : saddle, combat, shrewd, wretched, banished, wrath, tourney, theatre, appointed, explained, severe, shield, breathed, funeral, besought, approach, married.

3. Copy the little drawing on page 52.

EXERCISES.

4. In the case of the following long words we add *more* to the *adjective* to show a higher degree: splendid, beautiful, excellent, courteous, gallant. Make sentences containing these adjectives in a higher degree.

LESSON 14.

1. Write ten sentences describing the first picture on page 56.
2. Put the following words into sentences: chase, couples, whistling, knelling, steaming, diamonds, brake, gleaming foresters, fleet, antlers, frayed.
3. Write out the rhymes in these verses.
4. Write out the names of six animals that are hunted.
5. Copy the drawing of the forester and the dog on page 56.

LESSON 15.

1. Study the picture on page 58, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

Where is the scene laid? What do you know about the building shown in the picture? Who is descending the steps? How can you tell? What do you notice about the statue? What people are waiting to speak with the emperor? What do you know about them?

2. Put the following words into sentences: merchants, travelled, beauty, Sultan, advice, emperor, pagan, Christian, obedient, welcome, seized, treasure, rudder, compass, swallowed, frail, castle.

3. Make a drawing of the castle on page 61.

4. Look at these two adjectives: *heavier*, *heaviest*. *Heaviest* shows the highest degree of heaviness. Add *est* to the following adjectives: calm, lofty, bright, large, young, handsome.

LESSON 16.

1. Study the coloured picture on page 63 carefully, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

In what part of England do you think the scene is laid? What time of the day is it? How do you know? What sort of a sunset is it? What is grown in the fields? What is happening in the foreground? Why are the people in the picture rejoicing?

2. Copy out the pairs of rhymes in these verses.

EXERCISES.

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3. Write out the last verse in your own words.
4. Look at these two adjectives : *more beautiful, most beautiful*. Most beautiful shows the highest degree of beauty. Make the following adjectives show the highest degree : wonderful, friendly, mountainous, surprising, terrible.

LESSON 17.

1. Tell in your own words the story of how Constance was carried from the Sultan's land to Northumbria.

2. Put the following words into sentences : heathens, worshipped, dishonour, companion, foul, questions, actually, vile, hastened, senseless, innocent, constable.

* 3. Look at the sentence, *John broke the window*. The verb is *broke*. Ask yourself the question, Broke what? The answer is, the *window*. We call window the *object* of the sentence. Write out the objects of the following sentences :—

The keeper took Constance. He slew the lady. The king married the princess. The servant brought the book. The messenger carried the news.

LESSON 18.

1. Describe in your own words the little picture on page 68.

2. Put the following words into sentences : injury, sealed, hideous, grieved, disobey, command, wrath, drifting, rescued, officer, refused, swoon.

3. Make a copy, larger, of the picture of the little boy on page 69.

* 4. Write out the objects of the following sentences :—

The mother hated Constance. She stole the letter. He led her. She took her baby. Ella knew the child. The officer loved the boy. The king kissed her.

LESSON 19.

1. A boy has stolen his neighbour's pencil. Make up a little allegory which will teach him how wrong it is to steal.

2. Put the following words into sentences : allegory, rhyming, verses, interesting, greed, envy, sloth, directly, fables, moral, difference, discover.

3. Make a copy, larger, of the tower on the hill in the picture on page 73.

4. Which of the following sentences have an object :—

Chaucer had a friend. Langland lived on the Malvern Hills. The birds sang sweetly. He wrote many books. The sun shines brightly. He played on the green. The garden is beautiful. Men must work.

LESSON 20.

1. Write ten sentences about Robin Hood.

2. Put the following words into sentences : meadow, new-fangled, refuge, outlaws, archer, daring, hero, village.

3. Write five sentences about the picture on page 76.

4. The following personal pronouns are *always objects* of sentences, never subjects : *me, thee, her, him, us, them*. *You* and *it* may be either subjects or objects. Correct the following sentences :—

Me and him went out. Thee must not do it. Her is a bad girl. Us are off for a walk. Them is the best. You told I.

LESSON 21.

1. Make a little drawing of Robin Hood. (See page 78.)

2. Put the following words into sentences : gallants, outlaw, roundelay, espy, courteously, dainty, glistening, quoth.

3. Find out all you can about Sherwood Forest. (See "Highroads of History," Book II., Lesson 15.)

4. Write a list of words connected with *forest*.

LESSON 22.

1. Study the coloured picture on page 82 carefully, and answer the following questions in sentences :—

Where is the scene of this picture laid? Who is sitting by the window? How do you know that he is fond of music and books? Whom does he see in the garden? What does she afterwards become?

2. Make an outline drawing of the book leaning against the bench (page 82).

3. Put the following words into sentences : opening, wasted, skeleton, believed, seized, imprisonment, laments, reigned, subjects.

4. There are certain little words called *prepositions* which come before nouns or pronouns, to show their relation to some other noun, or pronoun, or verb in the sentence. Thus: "I saw the ship *in* the harbour." The preposition *in* shows the relation between ship and harbour.

Learn the following verse which contains some of the common prepositions:—

"*At* the door *of* the school *for* a moment I stand,
With my bag *on* my back and my hat *in* my hand.
Up the room, *to* my desk, *by* the wall I go,
 Step *behind* the easel, *towards* my seat you know,
 Gaze *around* the schoolroom, *through* the window-pane,
 Sit *beside* my comrade; work *with* might and main."

LESSON 23.

1. Write ten sentences about the various uses of paper.
2. Put the following words into sentences: purposes, accounts, dozens, fibres, pulp, quantities, parchment, designs, monasteries, usually, library, civilized, calendar, measures, secret.
3. Find out all you can about the Chinese. (See "Highroads of Geography," Introductory Book, Lessons 19-21.)
4. Write out all the prepositions in the verses on page 80. ✕

LESSON 24.

1. Study the picture on page 92 carefully, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

Where is this scene laid? Who is shown in the picture? Is she a girl of your time or your grandmother's time? How do you know? What poem has she been reading? What is she doing now?

- 2. Put the following words into sentences: rhymers, prophet, velvet, tuft, weal, bridle, plagues, beset, righteousness, inquiries.

3. Try to make a drawing of the girl's left hand holding the book (page 92).

- ✕ 4. Write out all the adjectives and prepositions in verses 13-15 of Thomas the Rhymer.

LESSON 25.

1. Write ten sentences about the picture of Jerusalem on page 96.
2. Put the following words into sentences: prose, travellers, aeroplanes, protected, Palestine, Asia, Africa, continents, crusader, olive, Paradise, centre, umbrella, hearers.
3. Make a little drawing of Sir John Mandeville (page 95).
4. After a preposition we can only use the following personal pronouns: *me, thee, her, him, us, them, you, and it*. Make sentences containing a preposition followed by one of the above personal pronouns.

LESSON 26.

1. Study the coloured picture on page 99 carefully, and answer the following questions in sentences:—

In what city of what land is this scene laid? Who is the old man sitting on the couch? What is he examining? Who has brought it? In what way does she differ from an English lady? What do you think the money-changer will say about the coin? On what animal has the lady ridden to the shop? What can you tell me about her attendants? Who has also come with her?

2. Name six things which you see in the picture. Make six sentences, each including one of these names, also an adjective and a preposition.
3. Tell in your own words what you know of Prester John.
4. Put the following words into sentences: khan, frightened, horrible, combing, damsel, shoulders, crocodile, vegetable, produced, jewels, invisible, salamander, misers, archbishops.

LESSON 27.

1. Describe the picture on page 104.
2. Put the following words into sentences: office, types, metal, contains, margin, corrects, comma, arranges, obtained, solid, thousand.
3. Take a little block of soft wood and draw on it the capital letter O. Now cut away the surface of the wood with your penknife until the O is left standing up. You have now made a type. Smear the O with black paint and press it on to a piece of paper. You have now done some printing.

4. Correct the following sentences :—

He came to I with a letter. The man ran towards we. The letter was addressed to she and he. Her was going home. The book was read by they.

LESSON 28.

1. Why is it cheaper to print books than to copy them by hand?
2. Copy the second little drawing on page 108.
3. Put the following words into sentences : stitched, glue, gauze, machines, factory, previous, invented, freedom.
4. Write down six sentences. Each sentence is to contain an object, an adjective, and a preposition.

LESSON 29.

1. Turn to the picture on page 114, and write ten sentences about it.
2. Put the following words into sentences : bustling, quaint, gables, canals, ancient, chimneys, visitors, topple, signboards, tombstones, alphabet, surprise, honour.
3. What was Laurence Coster's "new game" for his grandchildren?
4. Write six words, each of which is made up of two other words (as signboards), and put each of them in a sentence.

LESSON 30.

1. Turn to the picture on page 109, and answer the following questions in sentences :—

What room is shown in the picture? What machine is seen in the room? What is lying on the bed-plate of the machine? What is done to the type? What is placed on the type? What does the boy do then? What is the result? Who is looking at the printed paper? Why ought we to honour him?

2. Make a copy of the drawing on page 117.
3. Put the following words into sentences : Chinese, separates, suited, language, native, business, usual, festival, monument, memory, thousand, Europe.
4. Write six words connected with printing, and put each word into a sentence.

LESSON 31.

1. Turn to the picture on page 112 and study it carefully. Then answer the following questions in sentences :—

What room is shown in the picture? What do you see by the wall on your left? What is the man in front of the press holding in his hands? What is the boy near him doing? Who sits looking at the printed sheet? Why is he looking at it so carefully? What are the young men doing? Do you think that Caxton had at this time printed many books? Why not?

2. Put the following words into sentences: plaster, wretched, Weald, ballads, minstrels, apprentice, ivory, jewellery, parcels, precious, desire, shrewd, white, tongue, profit, ignorant.

3. Copy the little drawing of Caxton as an apprentice on page 118.

4. Write sentences containing the following words: made, maid; piece, peace; dear, deer; there, their; through, threw.

LESSON 32.

1. Study the picture on page 122 carefully, and answer the following questions in sentences :—

What room is shown in this picture? How do you know? Who are the two persons in this picture? If the time is midday, in which direction is Sir Thomas More looking? What kind of man is he? How is he dressed? What can you tell me about his daughter? Why does she look so sad? What is going on outside? What will soon happen?

2. Should you have liked Sir Thomas More as your father? Say why.

3. Put the following words into sentences: page, performed, quick-witted, education, scholars, peninsula, eagerly, amazed, testament, statues, university, equal, weasels, adored, relations, Chancellor, scaffold, governor.

4. Look at the lines:

When *More* some time had chancellor been,
No *more* suits did remain.

Parse the words in italics. Make up two lines something like this, using the word *Bate*. Write down several pairs of words which are

pronounced in the same way but have different meanings, such as :
mane, main.

5. Make a drawing of the Greek temple on page 124. Complete its front.

LESSON 33.

1. How does Sir Thomas More tell us that he heard of Utopia?

2. Put the following words into sentences : pleasures, beggars, gallows, foul, plagues, diseases, hospital, treaty, delay, arranged, guided, havens, reared.

3. Copy the figure of Sir Thomas More on page 128.

4. There are certain words which we may call *sentence-joiners* because they link one sentence with another. The commonest of these are : *and, but, or, for*. By means of the sentence-joiner, *and*, turn the following pairs of sentences into one sentence :—

Jane is making cakes. Mother is making cakes.

Roger likes eggs. Roger likes ham.

The man is in the cart. The calf is in the cart.

The apple is large. The apple is rosy.

The boy was fond of play. The boy was fond of work.

The thief was frightened. The thief ran down the hill.

LESSON 34.

1. Ask teacher to let you have a little debate on this question :
Which is the better land to live in—Utopia or the British Isles?

2. Put the following words into sentences : head-springs, surrounded, ditch, fruitful, secret, council, clothes, leisure, lectures, music, consisted, kindred, necessary, meals, trooped, journeys, disgraced, despise, precious, metals, fanciful.

3. Make a little drawing of the Utopian with the guitar on page 132.

4. Turn the following groups of sentences into one sentence :—
The tree is tall. The tree is shady. It is an elm tree. It stands in our garden.

The wind was hot. The wind was from the desert. The wind blew across the bay.

The girl was timid. She was afraid to enter the wood. The wood was dark. The wood was lonely.

LESSON 35.

1. Write out the pairs of rhymes in these verses.
2. Put the following words into sentences : twilight, ruddier, ceiling, roaring, crazy, casement, bleak.
3. Answer the question asked by the last four lines of the poem.
4. Write down the names of six writers mentioned in this book, and put each name into a sentence.

LESSONS 36 and 37.

1. Study the picture on page 139 carefully, and describe it in your own words.
2. Make a little drawing of the ruins of Kilcolman Castle (p. 135).
3. Which of the "three noble friends" is your favourite? Say why.
4. Write out the names of ten games, and put each of them into a sentence.
5. Put the following words into sentences : winding, remains, pleasant, colony, tobacco, potatoes, autumn, gracious, memories, accompanied, courage, knitting.

LESSON 38.

1. What do you know about Venice?
2. Put the following words into sentences : usury, Italian, distressed, pledges, sneering, loan, forfeiture, courtesy, sued, judgment.
3. Copy the figure of Gernutus on page 141. Shakespeare in his play, *The Merchant of Venice*, calls Gernutus, Shylock.
4. Give the plural forms of *I, my, me, thou, thy, thee, his, her, it*. Put each of them into a sentence.

LESSON 39.

1. Ask teacher to let you have a little debate on the question: Was Gernutus fairly treated by the judge?
2. Put the following words into sentences : forfeit, forfeiture, judge, judgment, demand, desire, whetted, innocent, confound, frantic, cancel.
3. Copy the picture of Gernutus on page 145.
4. Write the following from dictation :—

"Brother, do not bother father,
Rather run along ;
He is gathering together
Rhymes to write a song.
'Whither, wither ; hither, thither'—
These the words he utters.
'Whether, weather ; leather, feather'—
Thus he softly mutters."

LESSON 40.

1. Turn to the coloured picture on page 149 and study it carefully.
Then describe it.
2. What is an allegory ?
3. Put the following words into sentences : represent, Holiness, Justice, flattering, qualities, musical, harried, obliged, refuge, adventure, peasant, gracious, torrents, hurried, terror, error, enormous, coils, gleamed, grapple.
4. Write a letter to your aunt telling her about your school.

LESSON 41.

1. Describe the fight between the Red Cross Knight and the Saracen, Faithless.
2. Put the following words into sentences : waist, evildoer, weary, magician, beguile, destroy, separate, Saracen, cantered, warded, pitiful, recognize, vowed.
3. Write down the names of six things worn or carried by a knight, and put each name in a sentence.
4. Make nouns from the following verbs : sail, deal, sell, hunt, run, serve, beg, study, act.

LESSON 42.

1. What do you know about the Queen of Pride ?
2. Copy the drawing of the Palace of Pride (page 155).
3. Put the following words into sentences : palace, entrance, courtiers, hideous, attendants, harnessed, idleness, gluttony, bestrode, brand, creatures, refused, struggling, rouse, trumpet, wounded, magic, declared, victor, sufferings.

EXERCISES.

4. Correct the following: It is her. We was running to school. He aren't doing it. The winners was me and him. Is them apples good? Are I the first? Who won the prize—him? He is as bad as her. Him and me was chums.

LESSON 43.

1. Describe the Palace of Pride as it appeared to the Red Cross Knight (a) when he first saw it, and (b) when he left it.

2. Put the following words into sentences: couch, wrapped, chariot, dismay, dwarf, favour, dungeon, secretly, tinsel, chided, refreshing, draught, condition.

3. Make a drawing of the giant's shield (page 167).

4. Note the three degrees of the following adjectives :—

bad	worse	worst	evil	worse	worst
good	better	best	little	less	least
many	more	most	much	more	most
far	farther	farthest	late	later	latest
near	nearer	nearest	(or next)	(or latter)	(or last)
			old	older	oldest
					(or eldest)

LESSON 44.

1. Tell in your own words the story of Una and the Lion.

2. Put the following words into sentences: befell, deserted, blazing, fierceness, obeyed, explained, future, revenge, imagine, couched, quest.

3. Make a drawing of the dwarf on page 160.

4. Make three columns, the first for the first degree, the second for the second degree, the third for the third degree. Then place each of the following adjectives in its right column: less, late, most difficult, sweeter, oldest, farthest, much, lovelier, more grateful, most beautiful, worse, pretty, eldest.

LESSON 45.

1. Describe the picture on page 164.

2. Put the following words into sentences: chafed, capture, rejoiced, attendant, release, dismounted, horrible, urged, recovered, diamond, piercing, bladder.

EXERCISES.

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3. Copy the drawing of the giant's arm on page 168.
4. Correct the following sentences :—
I seen the man. He begun the sum. She sung the song. We done it. I should have went if I had knew.
Note.—Seen, begun, sung, done are not verbs. (See Lesson 3, page 176.)

LESSON 46.

1. Turn to the coloured picture on page 152 and describe it.
2. Put the following words into sentences: tottering, ignorance, questioned, needlework, grating, lowered, feeble, shapen, misshapen, withered, refuge, desolate, labours, sufferings, repose, persuaded, healed, guardian, victor, toils.
3. Copy the drawing of Una on page 173.
4. Point out subject, predicate, and object in the following sentences :—
The knight did not forget his promise. He attacked the fierce dragon. The old man persuaded him. Three maidens attended the feeble knight. Arthur took the keys. The squire caught her. He turned the key.

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES.

1. Which story do you like best in this book? Say why.
2. Which ballad do you like best in this book? Say why.
3. Which picture do you like best in this book? Say why.
4. Which man mentioned in this book do you like best? Say why.
5. Which woman mentioned in this book do you like best? Say why.
6. Compare Constance with Una.
7. Compare Chaucer with Sir Philip Sidney.
8. Compare Sir Thomas More with Sir Walter Raleigh.
9. Which man mentioned in this book did the greatest work for his land? Give reasons for your answer.
10. Write a letter to a friend telling him or her all about this book.

TIME-TABLE OF THIS BOOK.

DATE.	EVENTS.	REIGN OF
14th Century		
1325 about)	Birth of John Gower .	Edward II.
1332 "	Birth of William Langland .	Edward III.
1340 "	Birth of Geoffrey Chaucer .	"
1350 "	Paper came into use in England.	"
1356	Sir John Mandeville wrote his book of travels.	"
1357	The Black Prince rode in state through London.	"
1359	Chaucer captured by the French.	"
1362	Langland wrote the Vision of Piers Plowman .	"
1367	Chaucer received a pension from the king.	"
1372	Chaucer visited Italy .	"
1372	Death of Sir John Mandeville .	"
1372-86	Chaucer engaged in writing his poems.	Edward III.- Richard II.
1394	Chaucer received another pension from the king.	Richard II.
1394	Birth of James I. of Scotland.	"
1400	Death of Chaucer .	Henry IV.
1400	Robin Hood ballads popular.	"
15th Century		
1408	Death of John Gower .	Henry IV.
1422 (about)	Birth of William Caxton .	Henry V.- Henry VI.
1437	Death of James I. of Scotland.	Henry VI.
1440	Laurence Coster made movable types of wood.	"
1454	Gutenberg made movable types of metal.	"
1468	Death of Gutenberg .	Edward IV.
1477	Caxton printed the first book in England.	"
1478	Birth of Sir Thomas More .	"
1483	Murder of the Little Princes in the Tower.	Richard III.
1491	Death of Caxton .	Henry VII.
16th Century		
1535	Death of Sir Thomas More .	Henry VIII.
1552	Birth of Edmund Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh .	Edward VI.
1554	Birth of Sir Philip Sidney .	Mary.
1586	Death of Sir Philip Sidney .	Elizabeth.
1588	Defeat of the Armada.	"
1599	Death of Edmund Spenser .	"
1618	Death of Sir Walter Raleigh .	James I.

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